

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope! Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in sorrow,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm'st report, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the host of Heaven,
Th' inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brothers call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus gave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, faith, and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

Schiller.

THE CLAIMS OF CHURCHES ON PASTORS' WIVES.

BY MRS. REV. C. H. HANAFORD.

[An essay read before the "Brookfield Union," and published by request of the same.]

The responsibility of the assignment of such a weighty question to an inexperienced pen like mine, rests with the committee on programme, and if any apology is necessary, it must come from them. Personally, however, I regret exceedingly that the consideration of this subject had not fallen to some of my ablest sisters in the itinerancy, or better still perhaps, to some of the sisters in the Church. I can only hope to throw out a few thoughts that may call forth the views and opinions of others to such an extent that my random words will be entirely forgotten.

But before entering upon the discussion of the question, allow me to say that I have no sympathy with those who are always groaning and sighing over the trials and hardships of the itinerant's wife. That there are trials connected with this position no one will gainsay; but has it not its own peculiar joys as well? Let us think of these, and "count the mercies," while we remember that there is no station in life exempt from difficulties.

So important is the position of a pastor's wife, and so closely is she connected with all the interests of the Church, that it becomes a question of no ordinary significance. "What claims has the Church on her services?" or, in other words, "What may the Church reasonably expect of their minister's wife?" While we have the charity to believe that many of our people are disposed to be considerate in their claims or demands, yet it cannot be denied that there are others, and not a few, who have an ideal or standard which they look to see attained, and failing in this, they are disappointed. They think that she ought to be but "little lower than the angels," in point of excellence. She must be able to preside with dignity at the ladies' circles, to be the leader and inspirer of the ladies' prayer-meeting or mothers' meeting, equally efficient in all benevolent associations, festivals, fairs, etc., teacher in the Sabbath-school, and perhaps superintendent or assistant superintendent, a constant attendant on the prayer and class-meetings, regardless of her home duties; for is she not the minister's wife? and we expect her to be active. She must be always ready to look after the sick and needy in the parish, given to hospitality, never forgetful to entertain strangers, such as book agents, temperance lecturers, and the many other traveling brethren who seem to look upon a parsonage—especially a Methodist parsonage—as a "friendly inn" where angels are entertained unwearied.

We might also mention the evangelists, who are engaged by the direction of the official board to assist the Church in their work, but whose entertainment is almost invariably left to the pastor's wife. Added to this, she must look well to the ways of her household; her children should be patterns of propriety, and she must be a model of neatness, frugality and liberality. She should be an accomplished lady, too, over in readiness to receive callers, and just as skillful and expert in the kitchen as she is graceful in the parlor. In fact, there is nothing good or useful but what is embodied in the ideal minister's wife. The following poetic advertisement must have been written by some one who understood the requirements of the people:

"Wanted—a perfect lady,
Delicate, gentle, refined,
With every beauty of person,
And every endowment of mind;
Fitted by early culture
To move in fashionable life,
And shine a gem in the parlor;
Wanted—a minister's wife!

"Wanted—a thorough-bred worker,
Who well to her household looks—
Shall we see her money wasted?
By extravagant Irish cooks?
Who cuts the daily expenses
With economy sharp as a knife,
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen;
Wanted—a minister's wife!

"A very domestic person;
To callers she must not be out;
It has such a bad appearance
For her to be going about;
Only to visit the parish
Every year of her life,
And attend the funerals and weddings;
Wanted—a minister's wife!"

And just here we cannot forbear noticing the inconsiderateness of many who expect the minister's wife to call on and visit them whether they seek her acquaintance or not. She goes in to a new field of labor, feeling like a stranger in a strange land, her heart perhaps still aching from the partings with old and tried friends, and physically worn and exhausted with the labor attendant upon the breaking up of

home. The first few weeks are entirely occupied with getting to housekeeping again, and she has neither time nor opportunity for becoming acquainted with the people, unless they visit her. Yet how few, comparatively, remember that this is their duty. (I often find myself wondering if they are really ignorant, or only forgetful, of this fact.) They wait for her to call on them, and if they do not see her at their homes very soon, she is considered unsocial, and as holding herself aloof from the people. How frequently, when we invite ladies to call at the parsonage, are we met with this response, "Oh, you must not wait for me. I don't go anywhere." My invariable reply to such is, "Then you have all the more time to visit me; for I have a great many calls to make." "Yes, I know it," say they, "but then, we expect our minister's wife to visit us often." Very true; they do expect it, but have no right to demand it until they have at least complied with the same rules of etiquette which they would observe toward any other lady who was a stranger in town. They would not wait for her to make the first call. Why expect it of the minister's wife? Why require more of her than they are able to do themselves? And yet, in many cases, forgetting apparently that she is "but dust," and subject to pain and weariness like themselves, they demand of her what they would consider in the region of impossibility for them to accomplish. What lady with a family to care for, would think she could call on all the other ladies in the society twice, or even once, in the year? Yet it is expected of the pastor's wife.

Not many years since, when about leaving the home of one of our parishioners where we had been taking tea, a hostess said, "Come again! I don't think you've been very neighborly." Well, perhaps not, as that was only the second call in six months, while this sister had called at the parsonage but once, and that too not until after the pastor's wife had called on her. But say one, "Has the Church no claim upon her services?" If they have made any agreement with her whereby she is to receive a compensation for her labors, she is by all means under obligation to meet the terms of that agreement; otherwise they have no legal claim upon her any more than upon the wife of the physician, or of any other professional man.

We believe, however, that there is a higher sense in which the people have a claim on the minister's wife, yet it will be impossible to lay down any rule that will be applicable to all cases. The circumstances of her family, her own health, and the home demand upon her time and strength—all these must be considered; for we contend that every woman's first duty is to her family. If, as is the case in most of our appointments, the parsonage purse is too short to cover the expenses of a domestic, it is very evident that household cares and labors will so occupy the time and exhaust the strength of the wife and mother, that it will be impossible for her to be very active in society matters. And here, we apprehend, is where the people fail to exercise proper judgment in their demands. They should remember that her home cares and duties, no less than theirs, require time and labor. Having faithfully attended to these, whatever she can do beside should be done for the Church. It is of no use for a minister's wife to say, "I married my husband, and not the society." However true this may be, she has assumed a responsible position, "where one mistake may wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake," and she, not less than her husband, should be an example to the flock.

They have a right to expect that her influence shall be exerted for whatever is good or noble; that she shall be interested in the welfare of the Church and the spiritual advancement of its individual members. She should mingle with the people in a social capacity as much as she may be able to, consistently with her home duties. The people should also receive a hearty welcome at the parsonage, and their endeavors to become acquainted should be appreciated and reciprocated; it is justly due to them. Yet there have been instances where the Church have tried in vain to form the acquaintance of the minister's wife; their advances have been rudely repulsed, or met with freezing dignity. But let her greet them cordially, manifesting her interest in and for them, and returning their calls as far as is practicable. There may be instances in which it would be unwise, if not impossible, for her to return all these calls. Sister A., who lives near, may perhaps be able to run into the parsonage every day; she may be welcome there, too, yet it would not in many cases be possible for the pastor's wife to call on Sister A. so often as this.

And just here it may not be out of place to say that it is not unreasonable for the people to expect her to accept the trials and inconveniences of the itinerancy with patience. One writer has said: "It is useless pretending that it is no cross to itinerate. No one in his senses can deny that it must be a cross for a woman of taste and culture to wander about the world here and there, living in any sort of a whimsical old house, and using every sort of incongruous, rickety, broken-legged, patched-up furniture; as far as the outer goods, completely hedged from the beautiful home life she had planned for herself; just striking root in a place, and getting her heart-strings tangled up with a set of good people, when a turn of the crank gives them a wrench and tears them loose, making them quiver

and bleed in every fibre; being obliged to rear children with so few of the sweet, gentle, refining influences that it is a miracle to find anywhere but in the seclusion and quiet of a permanent home. It is a cross, a heavy one. The woman that has not refinement of soul enough to feel this is not fit to bear it." But, like other crosses that God lays upon us, it may by His grace be borne meekly and even cheerfully. There will be occasions of especial sorrow and suffering which will call for the sympathy of the pastor's wife, nor should it be withheld. She should visit the sick and aged as often as possible, and with cheering, sympathizing words should endeavor to minister comfort to all who stand in need of consolation.

Seasons of unusual religious interest or extra effort will have an unusual demand upon her time and labors. How often may she be the means of bringing some unsaved soul to the Cross, who might not otherwise be reached. If fully consecrated to God, as she should be, she will avail herself of every opportunity for doing good, whether it be in the words of loving Christian counsel and encouragement, or in the no less loving reproof. Her aim will constantly be to meet the claims of the Master who has called her to this work, to whom she is responsible, and from whom she hopes at last to hear, "She hath done what she could."

TURNED ASIDE.

BY REV. CHARLES N. SINNETT.

While we of New England were struggling, three months since, through the frosts and snows of our wayward spring, the fields of Old England were shining like emerald. Why? Because the Gulf Stream is forced aside by the icy current from the northern seas, and its warmth is made to gladden a part of another continent than our own.

This blessing of obstructions, of things being turned aside from what seems the best course, is still more clearly revealed in the history of man. Shakespeare was early turned away from wealth and ease. At the age of fourteen, by the failure of his father, he was forced from school into hard work, and also, to a great extent, from among pure companions to those who were vile; from good deeds to those which tarnish his name. But by thus being made to toil for his bread, seeing life in its darkest realities, his genius expanded, and he gave the world enduring words and scenes which otherwise had never been written. At ten we find Benjamin Franklin cutting wicks and filling candle-molds in his father's shop; then forced still further away from wealth and happiness by a brother's cruelty, until he walked the streets of Philadelphia with a baker's loaf under his arm and but a dollar in his pocket. And here he grew strong, happy, gained wealth, and won fame for himself and his native land. In the histories of those who were placed in hard circumstances in old age we trace the same truths. Sir Walter Scott wrote profusely, with great vigor, when, in his last days, striving to pay his debts. And not alone has this double blessing upon the worker or the world, wrought out by those placed amid toil and want; but it is seen where health has been denied. In seasons of sickness Cowper and Mrs. Browning wrote some of their finest poems. From Burns, Hood, and Goldsmith the lash of pain and want brought forth words that will never die. Blind Milton shook the world. The same lessons are clearly written in the annals of science. Hugh Miller toiled in a stone quarry nineteen years; and there is said to have been a time in the life of our beloved Agassiz when he penned some of his noble works on bits of waste paper and old envelopes.

But when we rise to examples of purely Christian life, we have the brightest illustrations of the facts with which we are dealing. The Bible—how much of that has come to us from men being forced aside from wealth, happiness and health! Of the Psalms which help our hearts most, the majority were written, or suggested, when David was an exile, driven from all the joys of home. Hunted like "a partridge on the mountains," or with "all the waves and billows of sorrow" gone over him, he clung with all his strength to God. The book of Job had never been written had not the man of Uz been hurled in the dust by the rough hand of sorrow and want. Paul, shut up in prison, cut off, as it seemed, from his life-work, wrote epistles which must have thrilled the Churches more than his speech, and which we shall ever love. When the "beloved disciple" was in banishment at Patmos he beheld and gave us his glorious apocalyptic vision, and the Bible has been preserved and translated by the same triumphant overcoming of obstructions. Its pages tell us many a cheering tale. When Stephen died a martyr, and the brethren were scattered here and there, then it was that the Gospel was spread far and wide. And like this has been the history of the Church ever since. Ah, well we know

"How sweetly come the holy psalms
From saints and martyrs down,
The waving of triumphal palms
Above the thorny crown!"

Out from every cloud of persecution and adversity the Church has come brightened and purified, the rainbow of promise shining above the path behind her, the sunshine of prosperity beaming full upon her onward way. And in individual lives how many and noble the examples of God's love and power! Turned aside by poverty and popish delusion, Martin Luther was forced into his deep experience and reformation work. In Bedford jail John Bunyan found new joys in Christ, and sent forth his wonderful story of Pilgrim. Watts and Baxter were blest in sickness, and gave the world enduring hymns and prose. Sorrow and illness flung open the gates of Christian usefulness and heaven to Dr. Chalmers. It is written of Guthrie, "Affliction awed and melted him just as his hand was laid on the pulpit door." As in want, disappointment, and hard work Jonathan Edwards was filled with peace and wrote his best works, so under bitter pain the lamented Payson led and finished a life which was true and grand. These, "passing through the valley of Baca" made "it a well."

But history gives another list of noble lives which, filling the earth with joy, gained not their high places, amid hardship and suffering. In the life of Victoria of England we do not find early hopes blighted by adversity. Instead of being denied honors, the highest in her realm have been bestowed upon her. Considering her large family and list of friends, her story is remarkably free from notes of sorrow. Her own person has been wonderfully exempt from sickness. But still her fame and the deep love and trust of her kingdom and other lands have been won by her being turned aside—turned aside from evil by the spirit of God. It is the religion of Jesus which has led her from all scheming for self to devise plans for the welfare of the nation, and from the applause of the great to the hearts of her humblest subjects, giving the widow and fatherless the comfort found in the Bible.

The spirit of God! It was under His leading that our martyr Lincoln saved America in her hour of darkest peril. His mind may have been largely developed and strengthened by his being forced from wealth and ease in his youth. His early struggles no doubt gave him great foresight. But with these alone he must have yielded to bribery and vain ambition. But turned to the right by the Spirit, he never faltered in the discharge of duty, cared not what insult was heaped on his name while the names of God and country were kept sacred; so went down to his grave the same simple-hearted, self-sacrificing man as when he left Springfield. This Spirit turned Judson and the noble missionaries from the love of home and native land, and planted the Gospel on the shores of Burmah, India, and many a coast and isle.

And in our precious Bible we see Moses with a heavenly guide, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to endure the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward." "And what shall I say more?" Only this: As we mention Him who was reproached, we behold the Lord Jesus, the perfect example of one whose mighty work for mankind was wrought out by the leading of the Spirit of divine love. His was a home in heaven. No adversity robbed Him of it. His was the companionship of the Father. No shock of death separated them. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." The silver and the gold were His, and "the cattle upon a thousand hills." The trees were not wrested from Him by fire or flood. But by His infinite love He left His home, His Father, came to earth, took upon Himself the form of a servant, had nowhere to lay His head, became "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," suffered and died upon the cross. He left all to die for us who had rebelled against His holy laws; who were "dead in trespasses and sins."

Turned aside! Turned aside from ease, health, or any earthly blessing, men and brethren, let us remember that this is the work of Christ's loving hand. He would lead us to better things, to heaven. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

Turned aside by the Holy Spirit from ways that seem pleasant, to those whose darkness we dread, may we feel that these are highways of truth and peace that shall never fade away! "For as many as are led of the spirit of God, they are the sons of God."
Lebanon, Me.

TO SOME LEADING MEMBERS AND OTHERS.

DEAR BRETHREN: When a representative of any benevolent cause comes to your Church to plead for the suffering, why should you absent yourselves and refuse to hear him? Is it because you think the cause is not a good one? Are you so oppressed with local necessities that you cannot give for outside causes? Do you wish to have it understood that these agents of missionary causes are to receive the cold shoulder, as persons to be rebuked? I ask these questions because in four prominent churches of New England, where I have recently spoken of the freedmen, the pastors have told me that the principal men were largely absent, so conspicuously absent as to leave no doubt that they stayed away because they expected a collection.

Now, dear brethren, let us talk of this painful fact in a friendly way. I come to your church and I speak for others as well as myself to present a good cause, originated by God's providence, and sanctioned by the Church. I think you agree that the cause is good. My purpose is to report to you what has been accomplished and what is now being done with the gifts of the Church. If you have ever given any money to our cause, I take it for granted that you wish to have an intelligent idea of what use has been made of your gift. Besides, I want you to

know what we would do with them, if we had other gifts. Are you not interested in the well-meant schemes devised by the General Conference for the good of the world, the upbuilding of the Church, the glory of Christ? If so, you must desire to hear of their successes and hopes. I always try to give information of such value to every Christian will be pleased to receive it, and to leave it with him to do what he thinks right for a cause which he understands.

But you are afraid I will beg and make you uncomfortable. Your fears are groundless, and your brethren in darkness are more uncomfortable than I could make you. Suppose you hear, and cannot give, and yet are interested. You might do as one highly intelligent business man who came to me the other day, after I had spoken of the freedmen, and said: "I am deeply interested. My business is in such condition that much as I regret it, my gift must be small, but when the times are more favorable I want to do more." A noble man was he, as I was more than ever convinced when I saw him sitting in the prayer-meeting, and later still in the inquiry room, helping souls to God.

No man should give who cannot do so in good conscience toward God; but no man can be justified in refusing to hear of the case of those worse off than himself. If you despise the poor in the day of their calamity, if you are merely indifferent to their wants, God will despise you when your fear cometh. The indifferent Levite passing the wounded man without heeding, goes down into history along with the robbers that smote him. One brother, very prominent in prayer-meetings, who, on the afternoon when, according to announcement, I plead the freedmen's cause, stayed away to avoid hearing because he did not wish to be interested, neither to give to the collection, by that act has revealed more of the heartlessness of his professions, his want of affection for lost men, than as if God's judgment had labeled his forehead, "counterfeit."

Do not refuse to hear us. If you were among the distressed for whom we speak, without knowledge of the duties of this life or the life to come, what would you say of those who refused to hear of your pitiful case? You discourage others by your absence. They know why you stay away, and so you discourage the benevolence of your fellow members, and of that agent of God and of His Church who, with no more responsibility than yourself, is trying to illustrate God's command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

If you will not give because you cannot give a large sum, go and learn what that Scripture meaneth, where Jesus said of the mite-giver: "She hath cast in more than all they which cast into the treasury." At least give us a hearing, even if you can give no more.

ISAAC J. LANSING.

Boston, June 19, 1877.

EAST GREENWICH ACADEMY.

The Providence Conference Seminary at East Greenwich, R. I., last week closed its academic year, and appropriately celebrated the 75th anniversary of its foundation. The examination of classes commenced on Friday, the 15th of June, and closed on the following Tuesday. The Conference committee of examination (so many of them as were present) presented their report to the board of trustees, at their annual meeting, on Wednesday. The entire week, until Thursday evening, was filled up with interesting and appropriate exercises. On the Sabbath, sermons were preached by Rev. R. M. Meredith, of Boston, and Rev. S. F. Jones, of Providence, which elicited much praise from those who heard them. Tuesday evening, the music class, assisted by Reeves' orchestra, from Providence, and some of the Handel and Haydn Society, of Boston, under the direction of Prof. Hastings, furnished a most admirable musical entertainment, showing that this department of instruction is most thoroughly and efficiently conducted.

Wednesday, the day set apart for the alumni anniversary services, was as nearly perfect as the most fastidious taste could desire. The clear atmosphere, and the comfortable temperature kept every body in a cheerful humor; and the several services of the day were perfectly satisfactory. The historical sketch of the institution, by Rev. S. O. Benton, of East Greenwich, the oration by Hon. Mr. Hall, of Hartford, Conn., and the poem by Rev. M. Trafton, D. D., were all that could be desired. Then followed the material feast, for which ample provision had been made, and spread beneath a large tent. Full justice having been done to the "cheerful clam" (as the odorous and palatable bivalve was aptly styled by the president of the Association) and his "firings," the satisfied company were called upon to inaugurate an alumni fund, to sweep away the floating debt upon the institution, and to aid in furnishing for it an ample endowment. About \$1,200 were subscribed toward these objects, in addition to what has been done by the efficient financial agent, Rev. W. McK. Bray.

On Thursday, the exercises of the graduating class called out an audience which completely packed the large hall. The class acquitted themselves with more than average excellence, when the diplomas and prizes were distributed, sundry presentations made to members of the faculty, some of which were supposed to be pe-

culiarly spicy and appropriate, and the year closed.

Thus ended one of the most satisfactory series of commencement exercises ever enjoyed by the friends of this institution: Said one of its most firm and liberal supporters, "This occasion pays me well for all that I have given and done for this school;" and similar expressions of satisfaction with the present management and the prospect which now opens before it, were common among those who were present. It was a favoring Providence which placed the present principal, Rev. F. D. Blakelee, at the head of its affairs. Possessed of a combination of good qualities which render him an efficient and popular teacher and a superior manager, and seconded by a corps of assistants in the several departments of instruction which has never been surpassed, it now seems only necessary that this school shall respond to the appeals of its agent, and soon, and easily, the East Greenwich Academy will be placed beyond all possibility of disaster. It is not to be denied that its financial history has been marked by numerous fluctuations from most cheering light to deepest shade. It has seemed, to many outside the immediate circle of its managers, to be the victim of incurable consumption; and like many others suffering from this malady, all the efforts of the doctors seemed to render its case only the more discouraging and desperate. But, though not yet "out of the woods," there is good reason to believe that it has seen its darkest day, and that its not distant future is to be one of freedom from financial embarrassment, of honor to the Church, and of widening usefulness to the coming generations.

J. L.

GROWING OLD.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of youth go by so half-enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling; it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feather shadows tell that Nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children, we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on, and not look back.—F. W. Robertson.

Our Book Table.

Harper & Brothers issue, in a particularly elegant and tasteful form, a volume especially adapted to meet a call of the hour. The Centennial exhibition awakened much interest in the models of ancient pottery, and in quaint articles of household use. The newly-aroused taste for drawing, in the community, has also turned attention towards rare specimens of ancient art. The great publishers are quick to feel the pulse of the public, and here they present to the schools of art, and to young amateur students in it, a fresh volume, entitled ART EDUCATION APPLIED TO INDUSTRY, by George Ward Nichols, with illustrations. This handsome book is gracefully dedicated to Parke Godwin, and is intended to show what are the practical modes of art education, the advantages of it, how it can be made at once serviceable and valuable, and to give, in a comprehensive form, a history of art instruction in Europe. It comes in good time to give a practical turn to the late discussion upon industrial art in our schools.

The very interesting quotation from Dr. Schaff's new work upon THE CREEDS OF CHRISTENDOM, with a History and Critical Notes, exhibiting his fair and generous treatment of Arminian Wesleyanism, has awakened in the minds of our theological readers no little interest to examine the whole work. It is now issued, in three stout octavo volumes, from the press of Harper & Brothers. The first volume contains a comprehensive history of creeds, their definition, its origin and authority; an account of ecclesiastical creeds; of the Greek Church, Roman, and various Protestant Churches. The second gives the Confession of the Churches in their original languages. The third gives an exhaustive discussion of the Lutheran, Anglican, Calvinistic, and later Protestant confessions of faith. The historical development of Wesleyanism, as it presents itself to so cultivated and candid a mind, of another form of faith, is an interesting chapter to us. Dr. Schaff pays a high tribute to the first volume of Theological Lectures published by our Dr. Warren in German. We join with him in sincere regrets that this valuable work remains as yet unfinished, and trust ere long he may find, or take, time, to elaborate his succeeding lectures, and complete this monumental work. We shall, hereafter, have a careful review of Dr. Schaff's volumes. The Church catholic owes him a debt of gratitude for his numerous and important services, and not less for this, the last and not the least valuable.

Hurd & Houghton have issued the eleventh volume of their beautiful and complete edition of De Quincy's writings. This volume is entitled, ROMANCES AND EXTRAVAGANZAS. It contains the remarkable paper upon "murder considered as one of the fine arts," with the supplemental appendix that followed it; which, perhaps, has been as

widely read and attracted as much favorable criticism as any other production of the author's pen, save his Confessions of an Opium Eater. This fine edition gathers all De Quincy's acknowledged contributions to the press, and will remain the permanent monument of his literary labors. The volumes are \$1.75 each.

THE CENTENNIAL UNIVERSAL HISTORY; A Clear and Concise History of All Nations, with a Full History of the United States to the Close of the First One Hundred Years, by Israel Smith Clark, illustrated with portraits and full engravings. Philadelphia: J. C. McCardy & Co. 8vo, 640 pp. This is a very handy manual of general history. It is arranged in paragraphs for ready reference, and for use as an academic textbook. It is comprehensive, clear, and, as far as we have examined it, seems to be well written, and compiled from authentic sources; the author availing himself of the rich stores of modern literary criticism. We have examined somewhat carefully the record of the late war and its causes, which has tended to confirm our opinion of the excellence of the work. It is an excellent volume for a school library, and for the text-book of high school and seminary classes.

The Congregational Publication Society issue new editions, at a remarkably cheap rate, of two valuable books: MEMOIRS OF CHARLES STODDARD, by his daughter—the record of a model Christian merchant—and THE ANGEL IN THE MARBLE, Rev. George F. Pentecost's popular and useful little volume of essays upon Christian experience.

Hitchcock & Walden issue a volume upon a much-called-for theme. It is entitled, THE COMPLETE SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONCERTS, with Thirty Addresses, Concert Pieces, Dialogues, etc., by Rev. T. C. Reade, A. M. The volume is prepared in good taste, its sentiments are wholesome and natural, and it will be a very serviceable and welcome manual.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Wm. T. Howells is to prepare a series of brief biographies for publication by J. R. Osgood & Co. The names of author and publishers are a sufficient guarantee of what the series will be. There is room for it.—The American Bookeller, a semi-monthly journal published by The London Tristram Co., New York, at \$1.00 per annum, is one of the best mediums through which to obtain a knowledge of new books and their contents. A special feature, once a month, is a full index to the contents of all the English and American periodicals, classified according to subjects.—The London Tristram Co. says: "I see that Mr. Moncreux Conway is engaged upon a 'History of the Devil.' This depressing occupation must not, however, be regarded as Mr. Moncreux Conway's first attempt at fiction." I fear his subject will be too much for him; but he has so often been too much for others, it is but fair he should meet his match at last.—A fac-simile of the first book ever printed in England, The Dietes and Sayings of the Philosophers, by William Caxton, in 1477, is to be reproduced.—Tennyson contemplates writing another drama, the subject of which is the nameless drama, thus completing a trilogy of English dramas. The time of publication will be in "the dim, uncertain future."—Mr. Horatio Alger is visiting the Pacific States for his health, and to collect material for a new juvenile serial story.—Dot and Dine has been nicknamed D. D., and the D. D. is taking kindly to their namesake, the author says.—Jas. R. Osgood & Co. have established Heliotype Art Galleries with prominent book-houses in six Western cities, and in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia.—The July Atlantic will open with a first installment of T. B. Aldrich's new story, The Queen of Sheba, which is sure to be his best effort.—Nimrod, an excellent story of New England life, will be the first volume of the Wayside Series, for which Messrs. Loekwood, Brooks & Co. have selected the happy motto:—

"And though of different lands and speech,
We are kindred to their namesake."
—Longfellow's Wayside Inn.

The admirers of Andy Lottrell will be ready to welcome The Hidden Treasure, by the same author, which Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co. have recently issued.—Rev. E. R. Hale ranks Syrian Sunshine with Charles Kingsley's Enoch. —Roberts Brothers have in preparation a new story for the No Name Series, by the author of Mercy Philbrick's Choice, which will very much excel in interest and surprising turns.—Sugar-Plums, a book of illustrated poems, the little folks; Mothers' Boys and Girls; by Pansy; Poems in Company with Children, by Mrs. Platt, are the titles of some of the new and elegantly illustrated books that D. Lothrop & Co. are engaged in making.

The International Review for July-August, 1877, will present the following contents:—

I. The Turks in Europe, by Prof. Charles Kendall Adams: an exposition of the origin and character of Turkish rule in Europe, and the causes which lead to the present war. The article maintains that the only remedy for the existing evils in the East is that the Turks should be driven from Europe.

II. Could Russia be Prevailed? A presentation of the Eastern question in an entirely different aspect from the preceding article, showing the defects in Russia's claims to supremacy in her efforts to conquer Turkey. This and the foregoing article are designed to be read in connection with each other.

III. The Old Dutch and Flemish Masters, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. An elaborate criticism of Fromentin's work on the "Old Masters," throwing new light upon the method and characteristics of Rembrandt, Van Dyke, Paul Potter, and others. The article is written in Mr. Hamerton's best style.

IV. The Late World's Fair, Part II. The Display, by Gen. Francis A. Walker, Chief of the Bureau of Awards at the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876. This is the second of Gen. Walker's series of articles on the great Exhibition, and presents the most comprehensive and reliable account of the display yet published.

V. Barry Cornwall and Some of His Contemporaries, by Edwin P. Whipple, is an exhaustive review of the life and associates of Bryan Walter Proctor, and contains many remarkable views that will attract the attention of literary readers.

VI. The Feasibility of a Code of International Law, by the late ex-Gov. Henry Washington. This article commends itself to the friends of international law reform. Turbidity, both in Europe and America, as the subject ever published, and as one of the very latest productions of a great publicist and noble-minded citizen.

VII. The Review contains an unusually large number of notices of English, German, Italian and American books, the letter in the series from Mr. Hamerton on Art in Europe, and notes on Contemporary Events at home and abroad.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: Instrumental.—The Czard's March, by Fr. J. Walsh; The Little Bell, by Carl Koelliker. Vocal.—The Dust of a Rose, song, by J. R. Fairbank; Old Letters, song, by Thos. P. Malony; Mon Petit Ange, cradle song, by L'Epine; Love's Roves, words and music by J. H. Lexington Fairbank.

The Christian World.

MISSIONARY ITEMS.

(From our Mission Rooms.)

At last, as we feared, the Russo-Turkish war has seriously interrupted our Bulgarian mission work; still it is not wholly suspended. Brother Flocken has returned to Rostchuk, through difficulties and danger. The London Times reporter has already given part of the narrative of trouble to the world. Just after having telegraphed to Brother Chellis to be ready to come at a moment's notice to Rostchuk, he received a telegram from him at Sisto saying, "My wife is dead." Navigation was stopped, and mail irregular. There was no way to get to the bereaved Rostchuk in less than ten days, but the corpse could not be kept so long. Hostilities, it was anticipated, would begin the next day, and the poor man had to bury his wife without her brethren. Mrs. Chellis died of small-pox, leaving a babe a few days old.

Bro. Flocken says, under date of May 15, that "the missionaries are ready and willing to stay at their post, and suffer even unto death, be it from the hands of the Turks, Bulgarians or Russians, if thereby the cause of Christ can be advanced, or if the Bulgarians at this time would show any special concern for their souls' salvation, which I am sorry to say, is not the case. On the contrary, the mind of every one is so taken up with the war that no one wants to hear a word in regard to religion." "Since my return," he writes, "I have done what other foreigners and natives did. I have stored away my own books, as also those of the mission, together with all furniture, in the large, dry and airy cellar of my house. Several of our native neighbors have brought their goods and stored them with ours to save them from burning up."

The missionaries (foreign) were about retreating to Constantinople. Bro. Elieff and Economoff would stay with the native Church in Rostchuk for the present. The foreign missionaries said they could do all, from Constantinople, that they could do anywhere at present. Brother Flocken says: "I think I have given proof enough of my sincere wish and desire to be on the spot as long as my presence will be of special use to the mission. I have left my wife in a strange land and among strangers all alone and with a babe but a few hours old. I passed through great dangers to reach here. Whether my wife and child are alive or dead, God only knows." He means that he has no human way of ascertaining about them. Truly Brothers Flocken and Chellis should have the sympathy and prayers of the Church. They are missionaries in our stead.

LATER. Under date of Rostchuk, May 22, Brother Flocken says: "Bro. Lounabury and myself are still here. We intend to remain within the bounds of the mission as long as possible, hoping that the Church will remember us in her prayers, and that our Heavenly Father will watch over us and the mission, and turn the results of this war to His glory. I have no news from my wife and child at Pesh, in Austria."

Last week Brother Johnson reported the baptism of over 50 persons in about three months. Now we hear from Lucknow through Brother Craven, May 18, as follows: "Four persons—three men, one a Bengali Babu, and his wife—were baptized in our chapel two Sundays ago. Thus we are realizing some indications of what we may expect in God's full measure at no very distant date. We are all well in the mission."

COMMENCEMENT AT LASSELL SEMINARY.

The Baccalaureate address was delivered on Sunday morning, June 10th, at the Congregational Church kindly loaned for the occasion. Rev. Dr. Latimer, of Boston University, made the opening prayer. The orator was Miss Frances E. Willard of Chicago, who selected for her topic Mordecai's charge to Queen Esther, in the 4th chapter and 14th verse of that book, especially the latter clause, "And who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" She made this the subject of an earnest discourse upon Christian work and endeavor. She showed that activity is the law of life. Nature sets the example in every department and finds no room for an idler. The restrictions which hitherto have held women to a "sphere" and allowed them no outlet beyond prescribed limits, have in large measure been withdrawn. The woman's kingdom, so-called, permits honest labor in nearly every direction. Many a noble woman toiler has broken the ground for those who are willing to follow. Christ, to whom women especially owe every good they possess, is calling for their service. The highest study—that of God's word—leads us out of worldly ambitions, into the kingdom of opportunity which opens for all who will possess it. This is the day of successes for laymen. Christian enterprise is no longer thrown entirely upon the clergy. Great Christian undertakings originate with the people, and distinguished individual workers among the laity are not now uncommon.

In closing, Miss Willard earnestly besought her young hearers to shun frivolity, and the seductions of transient pleasures, and to consecrate themselves heartily and unselfishly to Christian service. Applying the text, she thought God might have brought them to the kingdom for such a time as this when many neglect God and discredit His Word, and want and suffering are

especially abundant. She reminded them of the example of a former graduate of Lassel who gave herself to mission work and is toiling in distant lands.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday were given to class examinations, chiefly written. The evenings were devoted to entertainments. Monday evening a musical rehearsal was given by the pupils of Prof. Wheeler of the vocal, and J. A. Hills of the instrumental departments.

On Tuesday evening the pupils of Prof. Wheeler and Prof. S. R. Kelley united, and gave an entertainment both literary and musical. The recitations and readings were varied in character—grave, gay, and humorous. The great feature of the evening was the cantata of "Snow Drop," derived from an old German tale, which was finely rendered. Prof. Wheeler's class in vocal physiology had rare advantages under his instruction.

On Wednesday evening, the school had the good fortune to listen to Rev. Dr. D. H. Wheeler, of the New York Methodist. He spoke upon "Literary Art," and his address abounded in originality and humor. At the head of this broadest of arts, as represented by fiction in this century, stand two women, the two Georges—Ellet and Sand. The highest art is simplicity. It is the absence of all personality, the rejection of every specialty, and the cultivation of every excellence. He who succeeds must be independent of the popular demand, and do good work from the love of it, with freedom from all tricks. Good literary artists are rapidly increasing, especially in England where the conditions are highly favorable.

Thursday dawned with lively weather for commencement. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Peirce of Zion's Herald. Music was furnished by the Germania Band. The chapel was handsomely dressed with evergreens, with pictures painted by the art class, and the shields of the graduating classes of this and former years. Four young women took diplomas. Miss Eva Newman Bragdon of Lima, N. Y., in the classical course, and Miss Elizabeth Kiser of Gloucester, Mass., and Ida May Phillips of Brooklyn, New York, in the scientific.

The opening essay by Miss Kiser was entitled "Latent Powers;" Miss Perkins' essay was upon "The Love of Novelty;" Miss Phillips' topic was the "Modern Griselda;" and Miss Bragdon took for a subject the class motto, "Post diem, dies alter." The address of the principal, Prof. C. C. Bragdon, when presenting the diplomas, was earnest and tender. He begged them to accept their diplomas as certificates of readiness for higher studies and labors, to seek to gain moral and intellectual, to avoid frivolity and weak dependence, and to welcome everything that led to growth. Patience is the measure of true strength, and labor cultivates that strength. The parting ode, sung by the school, was written by Miss Florence Moulton, and set to music by Prof. Hills.

Dinner was served on the broad lawn under the lovely trees about the building, all strangers being invited to remain. At four o'clock the *alumni* held their exercises, at which music was furnished by Mrs. Jennings Parker, class of '57, and Mrs. Thaxter Denison of '64, a metrical essay, "Reminiscences of Twenty Years Ago," and a poem, called "Half Way," by Mrs. Page Reed of '58. Records of deaths and other events among the *alumni*, were read by the secretary.

The Principal's reception in the evening was fully attended by a large circle of friends. At the meeting of the trustees a committee was appointed to consider measures for adding a new wing to the building, which will probably be done at once. This will admit thirty new pupils. During the past year this present building has not been large enough for its constantly increasing numbers.

LITERARY AND EDUCATIONAL.

Principal Shairp of St. Andrews has been elected to the Oxford Professorship of Poetry without opposition. Mr. Shairp was a Balliol man, and he is chiefly known by his studies in philosophy and poetry—especially the chapters on Wordsworth and Keble—and his lectures on Culture and Religion.

Thirty-two freshmen have been suspended at Princeton College for insulting behavior toward the incoming class.

Trinity College has a graduating class of 21 members this year. About one-fourth will pursue studies for order. Trinity now owns property amounting \$1,117,849.

The Arkansas Industrial University can accommodate 800 students. It is said to be the largest and most elegant structure in the State.

The graduating class in the department of literature and science of the Northwestern University numbers thirty-one—the largest ever graduated at this institution.

Isaac L. Low, of the Amherst senior class, is to be teacher in one of the English government schools on the island of Ceylon, probably sailing sometime during August.

An unsolicited gift of \$10,000 has just been made to Union College, which gift will be expended in the completion of Alumni and Memorial Hall.

Professor C. U. Shepard has closed his connection with Amherst College. The college will buy a part of his collection of minerals. It is not decided

what will become of his collection of meteorites, which is the largest and most perfect in the country.

Mr. Inman E. Page, class orator at Brown University, is the first colored man who has held that position. He is a clever Virginian, 23 years old, and is to be a lawyer.

The statistics of the Williams senior class show that 55 men have been connected with the class, 40 of whom graduated. Average height 5 feet 9 3/8 inches; average age 22 years and 9 months; and 8 men are under 21. The heaviest man weighs 195 pounds; lightest, 123 pounds; average, 152 pounds. As to politics, 21 are republicans, 10 independents, and 9 democrats. There are 19 Congregationalists, 9 Presbyterians, 5 Episcopalians, 2 Baptists, 2 Unitarians, and 1 each Roman Catholic, Unitarian and "Protestant." Every man in the class is a free-trader. The ministry will be the profession of 12, business of 9, law of 7, medicine of 4, journalism of 2, natural history, literature and teaching each of 1, and 3 are undecided.

A slight increase in the salaries of several grades of the teachers in the Chicago schools has been agreed upon by the board of education.

The catalogue of the Iowa Wesleyan University and German College, the adopted child of the Iowa Conference, and of which Rev. W. J. Spaulding, Ph. D., is president, is an interesting pamphlet, printed partly in English and partly in German. The faculty numbers twelve, including the president, and the total number of students is 213; in the German College 55.

Anniversary week at the Cincinnati Wesleyan College began Monday evening, June 18, with the commencement of College of Music; two graduated. The annual address was given by Rev. Dr. Bayless of Indianapolis. Tuesday was class day. At the close of the exercises in the chapel, the audience adjourned to the lawn to witness the planting of the ivy. On Wednesday the 35th annual commencement of the college took place. Sixteen young ladies received their diplomas. The *alumni* held their literary exercises in the chapel, Thursday morning, and received their friends at a social reunion in the college parlors on the evening of the same day.

The Ohio Wesleyan University sends out a substantial catalogue, very complete in all its departments and well representing the present status of this established and progressive institution. The names of 323 students are given, in the collegiate and preparatory departments. The finances are in a hopeful condition, and the University is flourishing under the vigorous and wise management of its worthy president, Dr. C. H. Payne.

TEMPERANCE.

THE METHODIST CHURCH AND THE RUM TRAFFIC.

BY REV. E. THRELK, JR.

Methodism has always stood in the front rank of reform. Herself a reformation, she seized at her birth upon a gospel of purity. Her pulpits inculcated the highest spirituality, the deepest piety, the purest morality.

Her position in regard to the great temperance reform is one of which Methodism need be ashamed. Her ministers, in this country at least, are almost universally total abstinents. They earnestly advocate, with a few exceptions, legal prohibition. On this question, the pulpit of American Methodism, so far as it touches it, gives no uncertain sound. Indeed, we may say that, theoretically, the whole Methodist Episcopal Church of this country is committed to the principle of legal prohibition for the State.

An outsider, considering the sentiment of the Church on this question, would expect to find, in the law-book which governs her, the strictest prohibition of rum-selling. What is the law of our Church? In the Discipline, page 140, Paragraph 221, we find the following:

"But in cases of neglect of duties of any kind, imprudent conduct, indulging in sinful tempers or words, the buying, selling, or using of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, etc., first, let private reproof be given by a preacher or leader and if there be an acknowledgment of the fault, and proper humiliation, the person may be borne with. On the second offense, the preacher or leader may take one or two faithful friends. On a third offense, let him be brought to trial, and if found guilty, and there be no sign of real humiliation, he shall be expelled."

Now, concerning this paragraph, we remark, first, that it is the poorest prohibitory law that we have ever seen. No civil law so lax in its provisions as this, would be worth the paper upon which it was printed. Under an ordinary prohibitory law, a person might be convicted, fined, and imprisoned twice or three times before he could be expelled from the Methodist Church.

It is plain to see, that under the law of our Church, the rum-seller has every advantage. He has several fair warnings, which enable him to observe secrecy, lay all his plans to avoid conviction, and, under our brief terms of ministerial service, render expulsion from the Church exceedingly difficult.

We are led to inquire, secondly, by what strange device or mistake was rum-selling placed under imprudent conduct, instead of immoral, conduct, where it so clearly belongs? We had supposed the principle upon which leniency and Church law were refused the offender to be expressed in the words, "a crime

sufficient to exclude a person from the kingdom of grace and glory."

How great is the crime implied here? Is theft such a crime? Surely rum-selling is worse than theft. Is adultery such a crime? Surely rum-selling is worse than adultery. Is murder such a crime? Surely rum-selling is the worst kind of murder. We maintain that if there is one crime in the whole catalogue of crimes which is an outrage on the rights of man and the laws of God, that crime is rum-selling; and as such it should be treated in the Discipline of the Church.

One is strongly inclined to suspect, in reading the lax provisions of the Discipline concerning this ungodly traffic, that this laxity, like the silence of the law-book on the subject of divorce and unscriptural marriage, is owing to "wickedness in high places." If any one supposes that the matter is not a practical one, let him know that the writer well acquainted with a preacher who has met a practical difficulty on this line in his administration. Let the true reformers of the General Conference of 1880 give us a good prohibitory law. Let us have the rum-seller classed as immoral, and if we wish to fill the vacancy under "imprudent conduct," we might insert "tobacco using," without any serious detriment to the piety of the Church.

WHAT NEW YORK PAYS FOR DRINK.

The Society for the Prevention of Crime of New York, of which Dr. Howard Crosby is president, is now fully organized, says the *Tribune*. It proposes to diminish the number of tippling houses in the city, and thus indirectly to lessen the taxes. All good citizens are invited to become members, and the membership fee has been fixed at only \$1, though a larger amount will be received. An address has been issued, setting forth various startling facts, and one in particular—that there are 6,000 licensed and 1,500 unlicensed places in the city for the sale of intoxicating liquors. It is the intention of the society to interfere with the respectable and regular hotels; but it will seek to suppress, so far as possible, the low drinking places where poisonous and maddening liquors are sold "to be drunk on the premises." It will also seek to impress upon the police board the pressing necessity of greater activity and faithfulness in relation to the unlicensed rum and beer shops. It is thought that due effort may result in suppressing at least 4,500 licensed tippling and 1,500 unlicensed "post-houses of crime and infamy." The managers think that these are the cause of at least 70 per cent. of the crime, murder and poverty of the city. The annual cost of the police, of the department of charities and correction, and of the board of health, is \$4,749,475, and the city pays altogether the greater sum of \$5,300,000 for remedying the evils produced by intemperance, not reckoning private charities and the money wasted in intemperate drinking. The city gets back for its expenses \$300,000.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET. WHOLESALE PRICES. July 5, 1877. FLOUR—Superfine, \$6.00; extra, \$6.50; No. 1, \$7.00; No. 2, \$7.50; No. 3, \$8.00; No. 4, \$8.50; No. 5, \$9.00; No. 6, \$9.50; No. 7, \$10.00; No. 8, \$10.50; No. 9, \$11.00; No. 10, \$11.50; No. 11, \$12.00; No. 12, \$12.50; No. 13, \$13.00; No. 14, \$13.50; No. 15, \$14.00; No. 16, \$14.50; No. 17, \$15.00; No. 18, \$15.50; No. 19, \$16.00; No. 20, \$16.50; No. 21, \$17.00; No. 22, \$17.50; No. 23, \$18.00; No. 24, \$18.50; No. 25, \$19.00; No. 26, \$19.50; No. 27, \$20.00; No. 28, \$20.50; No. 29, \$21.00; No. 30, \$21.50; No. 31, \$22.00; No. 32, \$22.50; No. 33, \$23.00; No. 34, \$23.50; No. 35, \$24.00; No. 36, \$24.50; No. 37, \$25.00; No. 38, \$25.50; No. 39, \$26.00; No. 40, \$26.50; No. 41, \$27.00; No. 42, \$27.50; No. 43, \$28.00; No. 44, \$28.50; No. 45, \$29.00; No. 46, \$29.50; No. 47, \$30.00; No. 48, \$30.50; No. 49, \$31.00; No. 50, \$31.50; No. 51, \$32.00; No. 52, \$32.50; No. 53, \$33.00; No. 54, \$33.50; No. 55, \$34.00; No. 56, \$34.50; No. 57, \$35.00; No. 58, \$35.50; 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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1877.

There has been no disappointment of expectation in the visit of President Hayes and his wife. The former has, without doubt, won from all classes in the community fresh respect and esteem. His fine presence, his manifest simplicity and true nobility of character, his calm, thoughtful face, his kindly smile, his ready and unaffected cordiality to all who approached him, his admirable and sensible short speeches, in excellent taste, never overstepping the line of propriety, never gushing, and never mechanical, have awakened the high regard, and even affection, of all classes—the learned and the unlearned, the professional and the common people—that came into his presence. Every body has been convinced of the ability of the President to stand by his principles, and of his intelligence and probity of character. Mrs. Hayes has been true to the best descriptions that we have all read of her matronly beauty, sweetness and dignity of expression, her lady-like manners, and gentle grace in the reception of those that approached her. Polite courtesy without much fervor welcomed the President as he entered our city, but hearty enthusiasm greeted him at Harvard, at the banquet, at Music Hall, and at the Tabernacle, growing in fervor and sincerity to the last. It will be difficult, after this, to believe that President Hayes will not remain true and firm, in the serious national discussions that are still pending, to the fundamental ideas of our Republican government; to the pledges he has made in reference to civil reform; to the defense of the suffering whether black, copper colored or white; and to the principle of divine righteousness as revealed in the Oracles of God. May the blessing of the Most High, for which Solomon prayed, rest richly and abundantly upon the chosen ruler of our people!

The usual joyousness of commencement anniversaries in Middletown this year has been subdued by the sad providences which have removed the wife of one of the professors, and placed upon a bed of exquisite suffering and probable death a promising son of a resident trustee and generous patron of the institution—Orange Judd, esq. Charles Judd, a young man of nineteen, of great promise, standing high in his classes, just passed to his senior year, a fine gymnast, fell upon his head, while practicing his darling feat in the gymnasium, and received what is feared to be a fatal injury. Never did an afflicted family receive sincerer or deeper sympathy, and never was there a more touching occasion for it. The sudden and terrible blow, the great disappointment, the blight of such a promising young life, the exquisite sufferings of the youthful victim, his touching appeals to his parents for relief—all together brought a wide, sympathizing circle into common tears and heartfelt prayers for divine aid and consolation.

We cannot suppress the conviction we have long felt, that all this competitive exercise in our educational institutions is unwholesome, and too perilous for the proposed good that they are expected to accomplish. The simple use of many of the appliances of a gymnasium is beneficial; and, under prudent direction, may be made of invaluable service in securing a healthy physical development; but when this hygienic process is transformed into feats of perilous daring, and exposes the athlete to the constant peril of his health and life, the possible instrument of good becomes an actual occasion of unqualified harm. We have been unable to remain in the hall of the building at Middletown, and at other colleges, while the young men were flying upon the swinging bars. The vivid apprehension of the danger incurred has quite destroyed all the pleasure we might have had in witnessing the wonderful feats of the fearless players. We do not believe that any more honest and healthful muscle, or vigorous condition of the constitution, is secured by these supreme efforts of the physical powers and overtaxing of the vital energies. We have not been able to convince ourselves that the lads of to-day, with all their boating, balling, and circus feats, have any better physical health, have any more genuine fun, study with more relish, come out of their course more vigorous at the end, and are better fitted for the labors of life, than their fathers, with their familiar and simple plays, without by-laws, uniforms, or competitions. However this may be, these physical exercises should be under adequate supervision, and such peril to health and life should be discouraged.

The Church is to let her light shine in all departments of benevolent effort. Like her Lord, she is to be the servant and example of all mankind. Men are to be converted by her creed simply, but by her life. The Gospel is to shine forth in her deeds of kindness, as well as in her words of love and faith. You should not join the Church to obtain a quiet resting-place. This is not

the place of your rest. You are not to think your whole duty performed when you have subscribed the articles of faith, or when you have heartily entered into communion with the coterie of saints composing the body of your local Church. That is only your matriculation; the course of study and duty is before you. The entrance is a pledge of brave deeds of service in the cause of the Master in future. Having entered the lists, the race is before you, and all the heavenly hosts expect you will show diligence in the running.

The services demanded of you are various. Men are pressed by many wants, and the Church is to relieve as many of them as possible. Your business in the Church is not simply to pray, to read the Bible, to meditate and become devout; these you ought to do, but not to the neglect of other duties. You are in the Church to aid others as well as yourself, and to aid yourself most effectually by aiding others—"their bodies, of the ability which God giveth, by giving food to the hungry, by clothing the naked, by visiting or helping them that are sick or in prison; to their souls by instructing, reproving, exhorting all you have any intercourse with."

You are not to confine your efforts to strictly religious lines of duty. Men live outside of these lines, and are to be sought in the spheres where most of their interests lie. The open side on which you may be able to reach them may not be the strictly religious side. There is an open gate in the wall of every man's castle, and is seeking a way to his inner life, you are to find that gate, whether it be on the side toward Jerusalem or on that towards Egypt. All other sides will be inaccessible; this one will afford free and easy ingress to the heart. The working Church will, in the long run, be the successful Church. The community will come to give its approbation to the Church that does something for men.

James Freeman Clarke seems to think there is some virtue in believing a great deal. He seems to measure a man's religion by the quantity rather than the quality of his beliefs. In his Music Hall sermon he says he is a Unitarian because Unitarian views enable one "to believe more concerning God and Christ, and the Bible and sin and salvation, than he could if he accepted the usual creeds of the Church." No doubt. But should that be any special commendation of his views? In the amplitude of his faith he seems to forget that religious error more frequently lies in the excess, in the redundancy, of belief, than in any straitness and deficiency. The heathen believe a great deal more than the Unitarians; they have faith in more gods and in more things about salvation than Mr. Clarke would be willing to recognize. Would he go over and join them for their larger faith? The sin of the Jews was in accepting too much; they were great students of comparative religion; believing in Jehovah, they were also persuaded there was something good under every form of idolatry. The Romanists err rather by excess than defect. They believe a great deal more about God and Christ, to say nothing of the Virgin Mary, the saints and the angels, than does Mr. Clarke. Does this excess of faith have any perceptible tendency to take him over to the "true Church?" Does he not know, as well as anybody, that the question is not how much a man believes, but whether or not he believes the truth? A grain of truth in our faith outweighs a mountain of error. If a man be not on the right plane, the more he believes the worse for him; if he be on the plane of truth, he will use the pruning knife freely to cut away redundancies from the true faith. All faiths have tended to accumulate barnacles, which, in time, if not removed, destroy the craft.

Some men exhibit a genius for getting into hot water. They never design to do so; they are conscious of only the most peaceful aims. All right themselves, they are unfortunate in falling on stormy times and in coming in contact with unreasonable people. Against all their designs and pacific intentions there are sure to be elements with which they meet, adapted to elicit their belligerent propensities. Without ever intending to give offense, they are so unfortunate as to be in constant trouble, as though they were born to it. Remove them from their present surroundings and drop them into the bosom of the most tranquil neighborhood, family, or Church, and everybody will soon be by the ears. Of course the new-comer is not to blame; the sin was there before and has only happened to start into life at his approach. He has a holy indignation at the wrong, and is using his best endeavors to remove it.

But of this man you must needs beware. Innocent as he seems to be, he is possessed of the evil genius. Trouble and strife haunt him as evil spirits are said to be the house of the murderer. Either the spirit that is in him, or he himself, needs to be exorcised. While he is present, the community will have no rest. Such a man diffuses an atmosphere of discontent about him.

A human being is the store-house of the most wonderful forces, material and spiritual. As many of these remain dormant, stored away, as it were, for emergencies in future periods of our being, no man knows the power of which he is really the possessor. We become conscious of our power only as it is evolved in action. The child learns the strength of his muscles only in using them. The student ascertains the reach and grasp of his faculties by application. The religious capacity becomes known to us as we make endeavors after a better life. In this way human existence is a constantly unfolding revelation. Each endeavor discloses some new force. Providence tempts us, as it were, to make the most of ourselves. Do the best we think we can, and there is a vast reserve of possibilities. No man does as well as he can; but what he has been able to do, should ever incite him to new effort to make the most of his resources and of himself.

In attaining success as a minister of the Lord Jesus, your life is an important factor. It is not so much what you say as what you are, that men will really heed. The sermon to be a power, must have not only rhetoric and logic, but a man behind it. The projectile force is vital. Eloquence is the man himself rather than any oratorical appendages. In taking the flock of God to the higher planes of religious experience, the shepherd himself must lead the way. Men want an example rather than a truth; they want to see the Gospel incarnate rather than in ideals. The most effective sermon is a devout life. Fire from heaven is brought down only by men who live in communion with God. The medium through which God conveys His blessings to the world is not so much the head as the heart, the life.

COLLEGE TRADITIONS AND ETHICS.

It is a good time now, while general attention is called to our higher seminaries and colleges, and when the opening of the long summer vacation scatters the students to the four winds, awakens the home affections, breaks, temporarily at least, the power of college traditions, and renews a sensibility to the old standards of right and wrong, and of Christian propriety and duty, and long enough before the return to the familiar and tempting incidents of term opening, to call the attention of students, of any self-respect and moral character, to certain questions that have only been rendered doubtful and difficult of management through the strange power of established custom.

We recollect hearing one of our noblest, most manly and generous of college presidents express his utter astonishment, that it should occur that even quite mature students, intelligent and otherwise moral and estimable men, young persons of excellent families, priding themselves upon the manners of a gentleman which they ordinarily exhibited, members of Christian Churches, and even looking towards the ministry as their life vocation, should assent to deeds, if they did not aid in their commission, in connection with their classmates, which could not, by any euphemism, bear any other characterization than that of scandalous brutality; who would sometimes cover with a veil of deceit or of silence the most unqualified wrongs, and sustain vicious or mischievous members of their classes in breaches of the discipline of the institution, and in acts of positive evil doing, or throw themselves into open revolt against its government when seeking to enforce rules vital to the peace and prosperity of the community.

A Christian civilization has wonderfully changed and softened our social and domestic life. In the memorable third chapter of Macaulay's first volume of the History of England, he gives a vivid and frightful picture of the actual social condition of the most enlightened and Christian nation of Europe near the close of the seventeenth century, and helps us fully to apprehend the wonderful leveling power of Protestant Christianity, and its softening as well as sanctifying influence. But our universities are the legitimate descendants of institutions that were established long before this date, under even a fainter Christian influence than prevailed at that period, and amid coarser manners. The traditions, customs and symbols of that rugged and barbarous age, as illustrated also in the venerable institution of Masonry, have been astonishingly preserved. There is a well-known cave in the White Mountains, so deep and so secluded from the rays of the sun that the ice never melts in it; so these monastic institutions have, somehow, kept themselves so isolated and shut in from the "mellow atmosphere and generous light of the nineteenth century, that not a few rigid, uncouth and cruel customs, as well as fantastic and childish ceremonies, remain still unthawed. We are happy to know that the clearing away of obstructive vegetation is beginning to let the sun into these institutions, exposing the hideousness of their deposits of a previous age, if it has not yet adequate power to destroy them. The younger colleges, which might most readily divest themselves of these follies, cling to them, as if their standing in the fellowship of the universities depended upon their sedulously covering their newness with all the hideous barnacles of the centuries. Besides, they, somehow, strike the imaginations of young students, and as they eagerly give their social and literary societies the awkward names of other days and other nations, so they take a singular delight in fostering the follies and vulgarities of a medieval civilization.

But they grow more intense and vicious under the inspirations of a more active and excited period. They have become, either in fact, or because our sensibility is more quickened, so inhuman and wicked as to be unendurable. The moral sense of a Christian community is now so thoroughly aroused to such an indignation against these college abuses, that they cannot and will not be endured. If the hand of academic discipline is not strong enough, the power of the civil magistrature will be called in. Personal abuse exhibited towards new-comers upon the college premises and into its classes, even extending, as lately in Princeton, to the most open insults of the president and college faculty while examining or defending the incipient freshmen; acts of ungentlemanly violence on the part of a united class against another, above or below them, or towards any individual of it; drunken brawls, and hideous night orgies; acts

of mischievous injury to property or person, or of thefts, combinations, in the interest of one undeserving classmate against the honest convictions and decisions of a college faculty—all these things have lost the charm of novelty. There is nothing that the low wit of an idle student can now conceive that has not been attempted; the humor and fun are all gone out of the thing, and nothing remains in it but insipid, unmanly, vulgar and wicked folly or crime, at which Christian morality can no longer wink as in the days of comparative social darkness, and which a wholesome public sentiment must strengthen the hand of our faculties to put down without hesitation or mawkish sentiment.

It would be better to repeat in every college of the land the robust discipline of President McCosh, of Princeton, and send a whole class away, and keep them away, rather than to have these flagrant abuses continue. We doubt not that our colleges will heartily sustain each other, and that no revolting body of students will find aid and comfort in any other institution. It is better for the students themselves; for no young men, even in hours of thoughtlessness, and bewildered by the reckless ethics of college traditions, can be guilty of these abuses of their moral natures without suffering serious injury. The college code, as well as our business codes, needs to be "horn again," and to be pervaded with a true and pure Christian spirit.

There must be a break in the classes. A "united South" is always vicious. The lowest element of a class must not be permitted to drag down to its despicable level the better men. It may require something of the heroism of a martyr to stand up against the sneers, the ridicule, the irritating and constant persecutions of the low wits and clowns of the company, but it is both a manly and Christian discipline to do so. Dr. Arnold looked to his first form for the discipline of Rugby; if they were true to him and to themselves, the moral atmosphere of the school was assured. We looked to the Christian men of the classes to represent this strong, positive and growing public sentiment, and for their own sakes, for the sake of their alma mater, for the cause of a progressive civilization, and for Christ's sake, to accept no lower code of ethics for their government in college than that which rules in their Christian homes; and to participate in no unchristian acts of classmates, that they would not individually and openly perform as members of the community, and amenable to all its social proprieties and moral laws.

EDUCATION AND CRIME.

A French paper, *Le Jean Baptiste*, published at Holyoke, has recently fallen under our notice. An article in a May number has the above heading, in which the editor takes the last year's criminal statistics of the city of Albany for a text, and makes a plausible, but specious, point against common schools. The advocates of education have pleaded always that ignorance and crime were constant concomitants. They have often gone through prison calendars and showed how few of the convicts could read and write. The editor of the *Baptiste* publishes, with great satisfaction, figures that indicate that there is no necessary connection between crime and not knowing how to read and write. The total number of arrests in Albany for 1876 was 6,728. Of this number 6,358 could read and write, leaving 370 who could neither read nor write, and 122 who could read only. The conclusion which the editor draws is, that education, which is not *moral*, exercises a very feeble influence on character, and is a very weak defense against crime.

The education that most affects humanity and that makes good men and good women, is that of the fireside and the mother's knee, and not that of the common school.

Now here is the stock assumption of the Romish opponents of the common schools, that those schools are immoral and godless because they do not teach religion in the form indicated by Pius Ninth's allocutions and encyclicals. Nobody ever assumed that mere ability to read and write was a positive safeguard against crime. Some of the best educated men and some splendidly educated States have been great criminals. France—a Romish country, by the way, and one not cursed with common schools—is one of the best educated countries in the world, according to Romish notions, and yet one of the most immoral. Some figures of the Albany police report, which the *Baptiste* did not quote, point to the religion and nationality of a heavy percentage of the criminality and crime-making of the capital of the Empire State. Intoxication is a crime and the parent of crime. Albany had "1,072 places where intoxicating liquors were sold." There were 2,493 arrests for intoxication. Drunkenness produces brawls, and there were 849 arrests for assault and battery. In a list of seventy-five forms of crime specified, these two stood the highest. The population of Albany by the State census of 1870 was over 69,422, of which number 47,215 were native Americans, and 22,207 foreign. Of the foreign, 13,276 were Irish, and presumably Roman Catholic. The number of native American arrests in 1876 was 3,742, while the number of Irish arrests for the same time was 2,095, in a population of 13,276—or double the number of native Americans in proportion to population—and showing that about one Irishman in six of the entire Irish population passed through the hands of the police in the course of a twelvemonth. A Romish population may be more religious, but "the fireside," "mother's

knee," and confessional added together, have not yet succeeded in making the average Catholic Irishman as moral as the average common-school-educated American.

ANNUAL EXERCISES OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

A delightfully comfortable week, without rain, yet free from the usual heat, was granted this year for the annual commencement and its accompanying exercises. Very few such are within the memory of the oldest graduate.

The contest for the Rich prize, given for the best English oration by a member of the senior class, took place on Thursday evening, June 21. It is to be regretted that there were but three speakers. There have usually been six. The orations, however, were all excellent. The prize was awarded to George H. Clarke, of Milford, Mass.

On the next evening occurred the annual prize declamation. There were ten competitors from the junior and sophomore classes. The reputation of Wesleyan University for excellence in this department was well sustained. The speaking was never averaged better. It was a common remark that almost any one of the contestants might be awarded the palm without surprise to the audience. The judges, being obliged to choose, gave the first prize to Clarence E. Bacon, of Middletown; the second to William D. Leonard, of New York.

The old M. E. Church was crowded in every part on Sabbath morning, when President Foss preached his second Baccalaureate sermon. Many stood, and many went away unable to find room. The text was Rom. ii. 7: "To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality, eternal life." The question of the discourse was, "What is the philosophy of life?" After showing that happiness, though properly an aim of life, and that, though we were meant for work, achievement was not the grand purpose of our being, the preacher went on to elaborate the positive idea that this life was a training-school for the development of character by beneficent activities. Besides being clear and excellent in thought and arrangement, the sermon abounded in the terse and beautiful sentences, and the apt and varied illustrations, which form always so striking a feature of Dr. Foss' public addresses. An eminent minister, who has heard many of the best preachers on both sides of the ocean, said that this was one of the few sermons to which he had listened, from which nothing could be taken, and to which nothing could be added, without marring its effect.

It was thought best this year to give a more general character to the evening service, and, instead of the sermon before the Missionary Lyceum, a "University sermon" was preached by Rev. Dr. C. N. Sims, of Brooklyn. His text was John iv. 34: "Jesus saith unto them, 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work.'" His theme was, "The strength and satisfaction of doing the work to which God calls us." The strength comes from the sense of having a mission, in preparing for one's mission, and in the inspiration which the time of need brings. The satisfaction arises from the knowledge that the better self rules, that we are doing good, and that we have the smile of God. These points were copiously illustrated and feelingly presented. The sermon was addressed especially to the young men of the college. The church was full, and the audience deeply interested.

Monday, the 25th, was class day. The class of 1877 has been guilty of two important innovations in connection with this day. The custom for several years past has been to hold exercises on the campus in the afternoon, and in the principal hall of the city in the evening. All the exercises this year occurred on the campus in the evening. A platform for the class was erected in front of the old college building. Seats were provided for several hundreds. Chinese lanterns in profusion were hung from the trees and windows, making a fairy scene not unlike those which many of our readers have seen at Martha's Vineyard. The only objection to this method was the greater difficulty of hearing, and the disturbance arising from the constant walking and talking. William I. Haven, son of Bishop Haven, was the class orator. His subject was, "The Hazards of College Life," which he treated clearly, practically and briefly. The class history and prophecy were highly relished by both the audience and the class. The other innovation was the presentation to Dr. Foss, by C. J. North, of a subscription of \$2,300 to the endowment fund, made by twenty-three members of the graduating class. It is to be hoped that both these new features will be perpetuated.

The annual meeting of the trustees occupied the whole days of Tuesday and Wednesday, and much of the intervening night. The financial condition of the college has for two or three years been a source of great anxiety to all its friends. An annual deficit of more than \$20,000 is no small embarrassment. The trustees applied themselves with conscientious thoroughness to the difficulties of the situation. Arrangements were made for a very considerable reduction of expenses. The teaching force was somewhat diminished, and will be still more. Measures were adopted, the necessity for which was a matter of very great regret to all concerned. It is earnestly hoped that the contemplated endowment of \$500,

000 will speedily be obtained, and that the embarrassments now felt will be removed. The trustees and friends nobly came forward and made up what remained of the deficit of last year.

On Tuesday evening the eighth quadrennial of the Psi Upsilon fraternity was held in Memorial chapel. Rev. E. Wentworth, D. D., presided. The oration was delivered by Rev. Wm. V. Kelley, of Philadelphia, on "John Brown." The early life of John Brown, the influences that contributed to the formation of his character, his career in Kansas, the attempt at Harper's Ferry and the causes of its failure, the imprisonment and execution of the hero, and the effect upon the nation, were depicted in glowing language. The orator evidently spoke from sympathy with his theme, and secured the admiration and hearty applause of his audience. The poem was given by Rev. Joseph E. King, D. D., of Fort Edward, N. Y., who had been called upon at a late hour to take the place of Rev. John A. Cass, detained by sickness. Dr. King gave a racy collection of allusions to young men and women on matters of culture and behavior.

At the annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa on Wednesday morning, it was voted to increase the amount of the prize given by that society to a member of the sophomore class for excellence in Latin, from \$15 to \$25. A committee was appointed to endeavor to secure some prominent person to deliver an address at the next commencement. At the alumni meeting, later on the same forenoon, Joseph B. Thomas, Jr., of Boston, was elected a member of the board of trustees.

On the afternoon of the same day, a little gathering took place on Broad Street, opposite the Russell Library, (formerly the Episcopal church,) where ground was broken for what will be the first secret society hall connected with this college. It is to be erected by the chapter of the Psi Upsilon fraternity. The location is central and valuable. The money has all been obtained.

Thursday, June 28th, was commencement day. The graduating class numbered 28, including two ladies. An unusually large number of the orations displayed special talent. The following honorary degrees were conferred. [These are given on the fifth page.] Commencement dinner at Memorial chapel, and the president's levee in the evening, concluded the festivities of the day and the week.

Two very heavy afflictions that befell the college during the week cast a shadow deeper than has ever been known before over the commencement exercises. On Saturday morning, as Charles O. Judd, a member of the junior class and son of Orange Judd, one of the chief benefactors of the institution, was executing a difficult movement in the gymnasium, he fell, striking upon his back. The injury was pronounced to be probably a vertebral fracture or dislocation. If so, the result must be fatal. Mr. Judd has been a young man of marked ability and an excellent gymnast. The constant apprehension of his death, and universal sympathy for himself and the deeply afflicted family, pervaded and saddened the thoughts and conversation of all.

As if this were not enough, the startling intelligence came on Tuesday morning that the wife of Prof. Winchester had died during the previous night. The associates of Prof. Winchester on the faculty, and his many friends among the alumni and in the community, found it difficult to give themselves with becoming interest to the exercises of the week. Their thoughts could but be very much with him in his fresh and early grief. Their sorrow and his, however, were much alleviated by the knowledge of her pure Christian character and life, and by her calmness and joy in the near prospect of death. Great as is the loss here, the gain to her is beyond calculation.

G. L. WESTGATE.

Editorial Items.

It was a most remarkable assemblage that was gathered in the banquet hall of Brunswick Hotel, at the municipal dinner prepared by Boston, in honor of the Chief Magistrate of the last year. It is rarely that such a great, provided under city auspices, is so select, and is adorned with so many names of national reputation and extraordinary weight of character. The scene was a brilliant one; not so much from the tasteful ornamentation of the room, than which nothing finer could be desired, nor from the number of glittering military dresses that abounded, but on account of the striking forms and features of the men that lined the tables—the heads of departments, government, civil, judicial, educational and professional, in the country. The material provisions, which were discussed for hours and lively social intercourse, were of lavish abundance and of the richest character. The speaking of the occasion, extending from ten until midnight, was of rare excellence. Every speaker was well prepared for the challenge from the Mayor that brought him to his feet. The Mayor's opening was happy, vigorous and eloquent; the President's easy, short response was delivered with perfect composure, was unaffected, warm, and in entire keeping with his office and the proprieties of the occasion. The Governor of the State, the Attorney General, the Collector of Boston, the representatives of the law, of the legislature, of the diplomatic service, the chaplain, the poet, the philosopher of Concord, all brought their generous and sparkling contributions to the great entertainment of the hour; and it was a memorable one.

But there was a spectre hand writing upon the wall another and terrible record. It was not that wine of unexquisite quality and of lavish variety was constantly poured out and as constantly drank by the great body of guests, that caused that ghastly hand to move. The most of those present, doubtless, by practice and precept, justify the domestic and social use of wines. We do not criticize their personal habits at their own

tables. We may speak of this hereafter. There was no marked appearance of the significant effects of intoxicating beverages, no loud talking, no loss of self-control, no breach upon the proprieties of the occasion. But it was the deep, wide-spread and irresistible effect of such a public sanction, in such a presence, and under such auspices, to the saddest and most fatal social custom of the times, upon the minds of certain classes of young men, that caused, in the eyes of thoughtful persons, the writing on the wall. The President's glasses remained untouched. There were some men of political note, and some clergymen (we do not say any to say all), whose glasses were not filled except with pure water. But the whole force of the banquet, given in honor of a rare advocate of temperance, in the most conspicuous seat in the nation, was turned, with terrible effect, in the very face of the great national temperance movement. There were men who have been honored by their fellow-citizens present, who have, heretofore, fallen under the terrible curse of stimulating drinks, and been partially recovered, who yielded on this evening to the prevailing custom of the hour, and possibly awakened a slumbering fiend within them whose cravings they may not be able to allay. Who is able to estimate the possible, not to say probable, evil that results from such a public demonstration as this? And thus the city itself, in the name of its magistracy, gives open and smiling countenance to a custom that is smiting with a mildew its bravest young men, destroying all noble ambitions, breaking up industries, dissipating fortunes, filling its prisons, hospitals, poor-houses and drunkards' graves. This was the spectre, behind the scenes, whose fiery hand wrote the warning legend upon the wall!

Our excellent correspondent, the popular pastor of M. E. Church No. 2, has given an interesting and detailed record of the varied commencement exercises and anniversaries. We had the privilege of passing a few days in the beautiful university town, and listening to the impressive and eloquent Baccalaureate sermon of President Foss. We never heard a more earnest, effective, more thoughtful, more earnest, or tender. The influence of that discourse will not merely linger in the memories of the graduating class, but be an inspiration to all high and holy endeavors hereafter. Dr. Sims' sermon in the evening was very well received by the students. The weather during the day being particularly comfortable, and rendering the worship of the sanctuary a delight and not a burden. Dr. Sims, in his appearance, has some likeness to Bishop Simpson as he looked twenty years ago, and the tone of his voice are not unlike that of his father. His voice was well arranged, and eloquently uttered, and left a deep influence upon the audience, as this interesting Sabbath closed.

We have been accustomed to look upon the loveliness of the scenery around Middletown for forty years, living in the city for four of these years, but we never cease to impress with its extraordinary variety and unequalled picturesqueness. We sat an hour upon the summit of Indian Hill, in the beautiful cemetery, in company with a Bishop who has traveled widely in this country, in Europe, Asia and Africa, and he pronounced it the most beautiful view, deep and broad valleys smiling with cultivated fields, hills crowned with public buildings, great masses of dense forest, a city embowered in groves and blooming with gardens in the front ground, and everywhere that the eye can rest, visions of indescribable quietude and beauty.

Dr. Foss has made the same strong and favorable impression upon the town and upon the college community, and has upon all the audiences he has addressed in his visits to the Conferences. He is a round, substantial, able man, with great reserved force. He has special qualifications for his delicate duties, both as a disciplinarian and educator. But his place of power, as he felt upon the occasion, was in the great misfortune that the pressure of the hour burdens him with financial cares, and limits somewhat the growth and full development of this, the oldest and best established of our colleges. The trustees are taking heroic measures to bring the expenses within the income, and equally vigorous efforts will be put forth to raise the endowment, which is indispensable. There are no buildings to be erected; the facilities for instruction are generous; simply the endowment of professorships, and provision for the general outlays of the institution, are required. If the Church will share with the corps of instructors in the sacrifices they are ready to make, and, even in the present hour of business depression, put forth one supreme effort, this noble college could be placed beyond anxiety, and its benign work for the *eterna* of the Church and the world would go bravely on with increasing usefulness.

Senator Thomas F. Bayard, made L. L. D. at the late Harvard commencement, delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration. It was a well-written and able discourse upon what might be called sentiment in politics; insisting upon a government of the Republic sustained by the moral, patriotic and moral inspirations, and not enforced by arms; upon the largest liberty to States and the individual; of course, eloquently advocating the late peace measures, and earnestly pleading for the incoming of a golden millennium age. Would God such a prayer might be answered! The thoughtful senator's chief illustrations of the superior power of moral influences over protesting and violent opposition were significantly enough found in popular works of fiction. When we come to the sad facts in the case, even the "chivalrous South" refused of late to respond to the claims of patriotism and to her fraternal obligations, and pointed the pistol rather than turned the forgiving cheek to her Northern brethren. Dr. Townsend well said in his artillery sermon, "While there is sin in the world there will be war;" and De Toqueville somewhere remarks, that no government could exist which is constructed upon the presumption that men are all virtuous. It must be defended, at all possible points, from the weaknesses and frauds of unchristian and immoral men. Just in so far as possible, the most generous indulgence must be given to personal liberty; but the law of the land must be ever and everywhere positively maintained. It is either this, or the utter demoralization and destruction of the country. It is a harsh gospel, that which was according to Major General Dix, but a wholesome one at the time. "If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!"

Mr. Edmund S. Sedman's poem upon Hawthorne, also delivered on the occasion, was vigorous in thought, beautiful in illustration, and musical in its rhythm.

No member of the present graduating class at Middletown, won, in the final examinations, higher, or better deserved, honors than Miss E. J. Ellis, whose election as class

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Third Quarter.
Sunday, July 15.
Lesson III. Acts xiii, 42-52.
BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

TURNING TO THE GENTILES.

In Antioch of Pisidia the apostles re-enacted the long-suffering mission of Christ to the Jewish race. "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel" were the Lord's words to the pleading, importunate Syro-Palestinian woman; and His whole ministry was hedged by the boundaries that this answer contained. And yet the Master saw, in the faith of that Gentile woman, who in earnest supplication asked only for the "crumbs," a token of the fulfillment of the elder promise—"I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." With His eye upon the widening borders of His kingdom, Christ labored to the end among the "children," never forgetting that these would finally reject the Bread and perish, while multitudes of Gentile "dogs" would gladly eat of the fragments which fell from the Master's table, and be saved. So the last utterance of the risen Lord, after He had broken all bands of Jewish bigotry, Pharisaic jealousy, Roman imperialism, and even the fetters of the tomb, were words which swept around the globe, and will follow all generations of the race—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Even from His mediatorial throne this same Lord reached down, and laying His hand upon Saul of Tarsus, made him, the thirteenth disciple, the greatest of them all, to do the largest work of all. We find Paul, pausing at the threshold of His Gentile work, as if in imitation of His Lord's faithfulness to the lost sheep of Israel's house, to exhort the Jews of Antioch to believe; and then, fairly driven into paganism by the same stubborn resistance that rejected the Messiah himself, he turns to the Gentiles, and they turn to the truth.

The Gentiles besought that these words might be preached to them. It seems that Paul's sermon had nettled the Jewish part of the congregation, and they left the synagogue. But the Gentiles, who were evidently seeking for truth, had been touched by Paul's sermon, and begged for still another discourse, on the following Sabbath.

The next Sabbath—not the Lord's day, but the Jewish Sabbath. The custom which finally established the first day of the week as a day of rest and worship was purely Christian, and, no doubt, was begun by the apostles and apostolic fathers; but among the Jews, and at this early date, Paul would conform to Jewish law.

Many of the Jews and religious proselytes followed. Some of the assembly were convinced of the truth even among the Jews; also proselytes, converts from Gentile unbelief to the Jewish faith.

The preacher of truth never knows what heart may be touched, even in a congregation of skeptics. His business is to let the arrows, aiming with nicest precision. The Spirit will not let all fall of the mark.

These converts followed, that is, became disciples of Paul and Barnabas.

Persuaded them to continue in the grace of God. They labored with their new disciples, endeavoring to establish them in the new faith. How many fall of the Christian life even after beginning to believe, because they are neglected; no one instructs them; they are not "rooted and grounded" in the principles of religion.

Converts need to be taught perseverance. This is what the apostles did. Robert Bruce was driven one night to take shelter in a barn. When he awoke in the morning he saw a spider climbing a beam of the roof. It fell to the ground twelve times in succession; the thirteenth time it succeeded and gained the top of the beam. He arose and said, "This spider has taught me perseverance. I will follow its example. Twelve times have I been beaten; the thirteenth I may succeed." He rallied his followers, met and defeated Edward, and was crowned king. "To him that overcometh will I give the crown of life."

Came almost the whole city together, to hear the word of God. The apostles had stirred the whole town with enthusiasm. During the week following the first Sabbath, they had no doubt been actively engaged in Christian labor. Everybody was talking about the new doctrine. They were not told that any miracle was wrought by the apostles. The simple truth was miracle enough to engage the wide-spread attention of the people.

Shall we use extraordinary means to gather people into our Churches and Sunday-schools? Is a question with many Christians. All sober, earnest, loving men can be used to gather them in, whether ordinary or extraordinary, are legitimate. If flashy advertisement, such as quacks use to peddle their nostrum, are sent out as Gospel invitations to the sanctuary and the Sunday-school, the solemn work of bringing hearts to the truth and truth to consciences will be lost out of sight in the effort to get a crowd and tickle their itching ears.

The Jews . . . were filled with envy—because the apostles had crowds at their services, while their own synagogue worship received no notice from the masses. From this feeling the Jews grew bitter and hateful. "Evy," says Socrates, "is the daughter of pride, the author of murder and revenge, the beginner of secret sedition, the perpetual tormentor of virtue. Envy is the filthy slime of the soul; a venom, a poison, a quicksilver, which consumes the flesh and drieth up the marrow of the bones."

Contradicting and blaspheming. The same spirit which raged in the fury of

the Sanhedrim at Jerusalem, when Jesus was condemned, now raged in the hearts of these envious Jews. They began open hostility against the apostles.

Paul and Barnabas waxed bold. The opposition of the elders only roused the apostles to greater earnestness and heroism.

It was necessary, etc. This was the redemptive plan, and the method of Jesus himself, to instruct the Jews first in the way of life.

Seeing ye put it from you, etc. There was the most urgent reason for turning to the Gentiles, both because the Jews would not hear, and because the Gentiles were anxious to listen to the truth.

And judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life. "A man's actions may be taken as his own self-pronounced verdict as to his character and deserts." On this basis the Jews had judged themselves unfit to be saved.

So hath the Lord commanded us. This gave the apostle his undaunted assurance. He fell back in every extremity upon the "Thus saith the Lord." No man who feels the authority of God behind him will easily quail in the presence of difficulties or opposition.

I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles. David, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Zechariah and Malachi all allude to Christ and His kingdom as the coming Light to enlighten the world. Paul has these prophecies in mind, as he himself now stands on pagan soil to hold up the all-enlightening truth of Christ against heathen darkness.

When the Gentiles heard this they were glad. The Jews were muttering curses between their teeth, closing their ears and hearts against the Gospel; and the benighted polytheists who yearned after a religion that would save them, were coming to the brightness of the rising of the Sun of Righteousness with rejoicings.

Glorified the word of the Lord. They rejoiced in that wide plan of redemption which included them. Paul had laid open to their minds the scope of Christ's mission. They saw the Redeemer as their personal Saviour; and this thought was enough to fill them with rapture.

As many as were ordained to eternal life, believed. Predestinarians make great account of this passage. Wordsworth gives the sentence this interpretation: "Those who had set or marshaled themselves to go forward in the way to eternal life, professed their faith boldly in the face of every danger. All four remarks on the same passage—'To find in this text preordination to life asserted, is to force both the word and the context to a meaning which they do not contain.'"

The word of the Lord was published, etc. Those who were converted became heralds of the good tidings also, and through the apostles themselves and their new followers, the whole region was traversed by Christian preachers.

The Jews stirred up the devout and honorable women, etc. Josephus states that the majority of the wives of the Damascenes were Jewish proselytes. Women had then and always have had a large influence in religious things. Those at Antioch, upon whom the Jews could have influence, were incited to opposition against the apostles' work. Women are more rigorous persecutors. Their feelings are intense, and when perverted, more with a severity unknown to the other sex. Prominent citizens also were enlisted in the persecuting force, inasmuch that it was expedient for the two preachers to leave this unyielding city.

They shook off the dust of their feet. This was in accordance with an injunction of Christ (Matt. x. 14). The city had refused to hear them longer. They had done their duty. And as a sign that in the last day they who had been sent to seek and to save the lost could not be chargeable with unfaithfulness, they wiped the dust of the unhallowed city from their shoes.

Came unto Iconium—a town forty-five miles southeast of Antioch, lying in a fertile plain at the foot of, and almost surrounded by, Mount Taurus.

The disciples were filled with joy, and with the Holy Ghost. These were the followers whom the apostles left behind them, in the city of persecution. They were filled with the Spirit and no power on earth could quench the "righteousness, joy and peace" which the Holy Ghost gave them. If one is filled with the Spirit he will not grumble, or be despondent, or murmur at his lot. The Holy Spirit makes the hardest lot not only endurable, but happy. He is Comforter, Inspirer, the Source of strength and joy.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, July 15.

1. What effect did Paul's sermon have upon his Gentile hearers?
2. What was it in his discourse which aroused the enmity of many Jews?
3. Upon what prophecies did Paul rest as he turned to the Gentiles with the truth?
4. Whom did the Jews incite to become persecutors of the apostles?
5. What were Christ's words respecting our bearing towards the incorrigible?
6. Were the apostles justified in fleeing from persecution to Iconium?

Nature has many perfections to show that it is an image of the Deity; and it has defects, to show that it is but an image.—Pascal.

THE NEW YORK STATE S. S. CONVENTION.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

The New York State S. S. Teachers' Association attained its majority this week, and the twenty-first anniversary of its birth was celebrated by a grand convention, held in this city. Five hundred delegates from other parts of the State, who were royally entertained by the inhabitants, with almost as many more from the city, met three times a day, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, filling the largest church, especially in the evening services, and closed their celebration by a grand excursion to Niagara to-day.

Tuesday afternoon was devoted to reports of country work, by which it appeared that there are about 6,000 Sunday-schools in the State; that in these there have been 25,000 conversions during the past year; and that three traveling missionaries have been employed by the Association during a large part of the year, to canvass the rural districts throughout the Catskills. The statement was also made that there are about 16,000 children in the State not yet brought under any religious influence whatever, and a fund of \$2,000 was pledged to send missionaries to these heathen regions during the coming year. Many counties made no reports, and were not represented by any delegates. King's county claims the banner, having 261 schools, 8,358 officers, 66,552 scholars, 5 district organizations, a workers' club of superintendents, and nine schools numbering over 1,000 each. Tuesday evening Rev. Walcott Calkins, of Buffalo, made a stirring address of welcome to the delegates, and was answered very happily by Major Corwin, of the Tabernacle Church, Brooklyn, who was afterwards elected president of the Association.

Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., of New York city, then delivered a bold address on "Catechisms, Creeds and Christ," maintaining that if the two former were not banished from the Sunday-school, the order of their introduction ought to be reversed, and all teaching become Christo-centric. The orator was listened to with close attention, but did not seem to give universal satisfaction, his positions being considered by many as far too radical.

Wednesday morning was devoted to missionary topics, a lady of the society giving a brief sketch of the origin, aims and results of the Foreign Sunday-school Association, and Messrs. Bristol, Adams and Cowles recounting their year's work as State missionaries. These brief addresses were followed by an able sketch of the history of the Association, delivered by the venerable Judge Harmon, of Oswego, who closed with an eloquent appeal to all Christian workers for renewed zeal and consecration to the work. Three advertised speakers having disappointed the committee, the afternoon was given up to volunteer speakers, among whom were Judge Edwards of Binghamton, Rev. Mr. Chives of Buffalo, E. M. Hawley of the Christian at Work, and Professor H. B. Stillman of Cohoes. Rev. J. M. Buckley, formerly of Brooklyn, now of Stamford, Conn., spoke in the evening, on the art of gaining attention. The address was in the speaker's best style, being a perfect tissue of anecdote, and was listened to with vociferous applause.

Thursday morning was devoted to talks about primary work, many delegates taking part, among them Rev. A. O. Van-Lennep, of New Jersey, well-known at Sunday-school assemblies as "the Turk." Several brilliant things were said; as, "Get above the smoke of your own guns." "We can't take our scholars higher than we are ourselves." "Have Bibles in your schools." "The Bible says, 'Well-to-do, good and faithful,' not successful servants, and the like. Rev. Mr. Cook, of Buffalo, described the work of one young lady of his school, who, commencing with a class of six boys, has grown into a Bible class of 75 young men whom she continually occupies with something to keep them out of mischief. A meeting-room, used at least three nights every week, a "guard of honor," a boat-club, a library and reading-room, a brass band, and a monthly paper, paid for by advertisements, are among the outgrowths of this girl's consecrated work.

A question box was then opened by Dr. Calkins and Mr. Brooks of Buffalo, multitudes of the usual questions being read and answered. Dr. H. M. Parsons, of Boston, occupied the last afternoon with a grand, glowing and inspiring address on "Personality in using and explaining the Word of God." Rarely has the Holy Spirit as an actual existence, Christ as a recognizable person, and the Bible as a living thing instinct with present life, been so honored as in this crowning discourse of the convention.

The session last night commenced with a memorial service to P. P. Bliss, who conducted the music of the convention at Syracuse two years ago. An address on "Emotion as applied to Teaching," from Dr. Clement French, of Brooklyn, followed, and the services were closed by brief addresses from many speakers and one by the president. The next convention will be held at Albany the first Tuesday in June, 1878.

Buffalo, June 15.

Here thou art but a stranger traveling to thy country; it is therefore a huge folly to be afflicted because thou hast a less convenient inn to lodge in by the way.—Jeremy Taylor.

The Family.

HAGAR'S FAREWELL.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

'Twas thine own act that made me what I am;
'Twas thine own hand, proud Sarah, gave me up—
Thy helpless bondmaid—to thy husband's arms.

I never asked his love—I wished it not;
I feared ye both, for was I not your slave?
I was an orphan, friendless and forlorn,
A stranger among strangers, and a slave!

My master seemed to love me, and my heart
Expanded in the warm and blissful light
Of his affection. Fond and foolish heart,
Would that its torpor ne'er had passed away!

Joy, like the swelling buds of early spring,
Swelled in my bosom. Peace her dove-like wings
Spread o'er my head, and promised long to stay.
Oh, false and fatal Peace! what has a slave
To do with peace or joy?

The dream is past—
The dream of hope and love; and I depart
To hide me from my mistress' hate and wrath.
But in my bosom's secret core I bear
One thought of comfort, which shall strength impart—
It was not Abram's will that drove me hence.

Alas, O Abraham!
Hath God forgotten mercy? Must I go?
Why did He suffer me to love thee so?
Must all the clinging tendrils of my heart
Be rudely wrenched and torn from thine apart?
You taught poor Hagar's soul no law to own,
No love to wish or suffer, save your own;

The blessed love, whose steady, cheering light
Hath strengthened me, and made my life so bright;
The only rose in all my thorny way—
Oh, must my fragrant flower so soon decay?

I may not curse thee, Sarah, God hath blessed;
God, who to Hagar grants no peace nor rest.
But wherefore should thy hapless handmaid know
This dreadful agony, this crushing woe?

Hath "Ishmael mocked?" Were Isaac in his stead,
Say, had thine ire upon thy youthful head
Such scorching, blasting fires of vengeance shed?
Or hadst thou deemed it righteous punishment
If he and thou, outcasts from home, were sent
In you vast, howling wilderness to rove;
No eye to pity, and no heart to love?

I curse thee not; yet in thy sheltered home
Where Hagar never more may come,
If in thy breast there beats a human heart,
O woman, loved and cherished as thou art,
Thine must be many a keen, remorseful pang.
Sharp, stinging as a serpent's venomous fang,
As midnight dreams, or fancy's pictures wild,
Show thee the friendless wanderer and her child.

Look up, my child!
Is thy father's hand upon thy brow—
The hand, all powerless to protect thee now,
That points thee to the wild.
Kneel at his feet once more,
While yet the shadow of his tent is spread
O'er thy devoted and defenseless head.
His blessing, boy, implore!

And now, O Ishmael,
Let us depart; we have no dwelling here;
Blighted in heart and life, the desert here,
Befits us well.
O Abraham, farewell!
The bitterness of death is almost over;
Farewell, kind master, faithful guide, fond lover!

I know, O friend, thou wilt not dare regret me;
But can the father of my child forget me
Where'er I dwell?
Can he forget that in the desert dreary
There wanders one, with footsteps weak and weary,
Homeless, forlorn, a sad, heart-broken stranger,
Exposed to want, and fear, and every danger;
A mother with her child?
Can he forget that, while within his dwelling,
Pleanty and joy and mirth their songs are swelling,
Those two he swore ever to love and cherish
And toiling on, ready to fall and perish
In the rough, tangled wild?

Thou wilt remember me;
I see it in the glance upon me beaming;
I know it by the tears so swiftly streaming,
And by the clasp of the dear hand now pressing
Upon my head in voiceless, fervent blessing;
Remembered I shall be.
And for this stern decree,
O be believed, I will upbraid thee never;
But through despair, and want, and anguish,
Ever
I will be true to thee.

I go, I go; the dream of hope is o'er;
Hagar shall pain thine eyes and heart no more.

WOMAN AMONG THE DRUZES.

BY MRS. W. A. BENTON.

It was as bright a morning as ever dawned over the old mountains of Lebanon. We were busy in our missionary work. Many of the natives were coming and going, some for books, others for medicines, some for a bit of calico, or a needle, others with their sick ones, and we must listen to all the stories of their aches and pains, and sorrows, often all day long, trying to teach each one something of the remedy of the sin-sick soul, and giving now and again a little tract to be taken to some distant village, with the prayer that it might prove a leaf from the tree of life, and lead to the healing of a heart diseased.

But here comes a lady arrayed in her white *casar*, and a tall horn, the badge of marriage vows. She is greatly agitated, and throws herself at my feet and tries to kiss them. "Rise up, my sister, don't kiss my feet! Tell me what you want. What can I do for you?"

Wringing her hands, she cries out, "O lady, can you hide me? Can you hide me? They have sent home the knife. O lady, can you hide me?"

"Why, what do you mean, my poor friend? Who has sent a knife, and who is going to kill you?"

"O lady, when I was a little girl I was betrothed to my husband. He sent me this horn"—throwing aside her white veil, and showing her golden horn set with precious stones—"and my father sent him a *khunja* (a large knife in a sheath worn at the belt). 'My husband has sent back the knife now, and that means that I am to be killed.'"

"What have you done?"

"Done? I've been a true and faithful wife all these years. I have two sons as tall as a poplar tree, and one girl as fair as the moon; but my husband wants a new wife now, and he doesn't wish me to live to curse her."

Here she tried again to kiss my feet, and cried out as if in great agony, "O lady, do hide me!"

"My poor lady, I do wish I could hide you. I wish I could shelter you, but my husband is away on a missionary tour. Let me think a moment. What can I do for you?"

"If the *houadja* is not at home, you can't save me," said the poor woman, still crying and wringing her hands. "I must run toward the north part of the mountains and hide in a cave; and the away she ran, saying, 'You are a Christian. Do ask God to help me!'"

All day she was in our thoughts, and I almost reproached myself that I had not kept her with me.

About midnight that very night we were awakened by loud cries under our window. We had put a few panes of glass in the opening in the rude stone wall of our dwelling, and looking down upon the ground below, we saw a party of Druzes with lanterns, clubs and guns. They were beating our Arab neighbors, and screaming and yelling, and we soon understood that they were seeking that poor woman. We overheard some one saying, "She's in the lady's room." There was now a cessation of the screams, and a low-toned consultation seemed going on between the leaders of the party.

Soon three armed Druzes were seen to leave the others, turn round the corner of our house, and ascend the old stone stair-case, which was made by stones projecting out of the wall, and leading up to our upper room, which was built on the top of the lower one.

An Arab girl was with me in the room. By this time we had dressed ourselves and stood behind the door. As the men drew near the door, we stood leaning against it with all our strength, while they demanded their woman.

"She is not here," we replied. "There was a Druze woman here this morning, but I know not where she is now."

They insisted upon coming in to search for her.

"But you must not come into our room in the night. This is an American harem, and you have no right to come in."

They began to push against the rude door, and just then, our native brother Kharid's welcome voice was heard. He lived near by, and had heard the noise at our house, and knowing my husband was away, had hastened over to look into the cause of the uproar.

"Let me in," said he. We opened the door, and he entered and shut it after him. The three Druzes stood outside.

Said our native brother in a low voice, "These Druzes are perfectly furious. They think you have secreted the woman in your room, and if you refuse to let them in, to search for her, why, they'll know you have her here, and they will take down the house, stone by stone, but they will have her."

At my permission he now opened the door, and the worthy trio walked in. They looked about the room with no little curiosity. They had never seen a rocking-chair or a bureau. We had also an iron bedstead with white curtains, and one of them took hold of the post and shook it, saying, "Is this a carriage to ride in?" They had heard that the English rode in carriages, but they had never seen one. Our native brother then aside the white curtain, and they saw our two little boys sleeping in the bed.

"Are these the lady's children?"

"They are," said Kharid.

"Hope to God they are boys!"

"They are her two little sons."

They hoped we should live to see their sons, regretted they had been obliged to disturb us in the night, wished only to find their woman, and hoped my husband would return in safety.

They departed, going down the old stone steps as they came up, but they filled the night with terror, proceeding from house to house, beating the women and children, and with yells and shouts demanding their woman.

At last, being convinced that the woman was not secreted in the village, they left to seek her elsewhere. How our hearts went out after her! How earnestly we commended her to God, and hoped she would escape her cruel pursuers!

But in the course of three or four days, she was found and taken to her father's house in Bedghan, and all her relatives—indeed, the whole tribe—were invited thither. When they assembled, her own brother butchered her with that knife which her father sent to her husband before her marriage, with this message, "Her life is in your hand." A return of the knife was a signal that her husband demanded that she be slain. A long

braided her hair, wet with her life-blood, was cut off and sent with the golden horn to her husband, who soon brought home the new wife, her head adorned with the same golden horn, not knowing but that she might share a similar fate.

Such is woman's life among the Druzes. She is entirely at the mercy of the men, who never have but one wife at a time; but they can send her away at any moment, and bring a new one, or have her killed, as in the case described. When a wife is divorced or sent back, she goes to her father, or brother, or cousin, her nearest male relative, and he takes her in, and gives her bread. If she is rather young, he usually gets her married again, generally to some one lower in rank than her former husband. If she should dare to decline these marriage arrangements, she is turned out of doors, and no one will give her a home or shelter for even a night. But the Gospel is softening even these wild Druzes. It is the Gospel which gives to woman her true position, and as its light penetrates the harems of Turkey and the dark zenanas of India and China, what a change will come over those lands! Educate the women in a country, and the elevation of that nation is sure.

PORTFOLIO SKETCHES.

BY S. H. B.

Years ago this incident was related to me, and I noted it down, meaning that sometime it should give to others the lesson it had given me. It occurred when the South rejoiced in its own "peculiar institution," and to be a woman and a slave meant things worse than the lash or auction-block.

Poor old Dinah had been robbed of her children one after another, until out of nine, only one was left—pretty, pliant Dell, who had grown up more of a pet than a slave, but whose dangerous heritage of beauty was likely to bring her more of sorrow than joy.

Old Dinah had watched the dawning womanhood of her child with terrible forebodings. Too well she knew the meaning of things which seemed mysterious to the girl, and she felt there was no help to be looked for in "arm of flesh," for "might make right" in those days. She must look to God; but could He help her? All the sorrows of the past swept over her afresh. God seemed so far, so very far away, that she longed for some human sympathy to make the Divine seem more real. So she carried her troubles to old "Nurse mammy," who was greatly looked up to by the other servants, as one who was "mighty in prayer."

Through the day, which seemed almost interminable, they worked, fasting, praying and longing for the darkness which would make it possible for them to be together. At night, when old mammy put her young charge in bed, she said to her, "Pears like honey, po' old mammy feels like deff dis night, 'cause she so troubled; and she wants so dreadfully to make de Lord hear an' answer for blees'd sars. Can't honey tink ob sum de promises to tell old mammy?"

The pretty child sprang from her bed and took up her little Testament.

"Look fere, dear old mammy, see if this does't comfort you? I heard mammy and Aunt Hattie reading it, and I put a mark right in the place."

In a moment, from the sweet, childish lips came the words of the blessed Master: "Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

"Oh, dat be it, honey, dat be jest it, for sure."

Her voice was clear and triumphant; gone all doubt and fear, for she and Dinah were agreed; and wouldn't the dear Lord do just what He had promised? Not the first time that the hand of a little child has opened wide the gate of prayer and faith.

Midnight came, and old mammy crept out to Dinah's cabin. The poor mother, wretched and despairing, was lying upon her face moaning.

"Cheer up, chile, we's den got de victory for sartin, 'cause He says, if two agree, dey shall hab what dey wants, sure as de fader in heaben. Don't ye hear, Dinah? Two, dat means us, you and me, Dinah. De blessed Lord himself says it. Yes, as tho' He looks way down har, and sees po' ole mammy an' Dinah, an' know'd we'd need Him so much; an' so He didn't say ten or twenty, but two. I 'clare I's sure He knowed all 'bout dis night an' us two po' ole niggers, and know'd our trouble and pitted us."

The words worked like a charm. Hand clasped in hand, they talked with the Lord till near the dawn. Calm and trustful, they waited, as they said, "for Him to touch them." Again and again old mammy said triumphantly, "We's got de victory, chile. I know it, 'cause He's got an promised sure."

With the light there came a great commotion at "the house." Words were caught up and passed along, thrilling every one: "Massa's got a stroke! Massa's got a stroke!"

In the running too and fro, old mammy caught one moment to drop upon her knees, and lift hands and voice to heaven. And at almost the same moment, Dinah pressed her face once more to the ground, and under her breath exclaimed, "He said it should be 'tided dis morning, ar' bress de Lord, it be; but de debil lost it!"

Whatever "the stroke" meant to others, to old mammy and Dinah it was "victory in de name of de Lord." When God strikes, the blow tells. He "executeth judgment for the oppressed."

Many times has old mammy's interpretation of the text comforted me, and I love to think that Christ, looking down through the centuries, saw my need and thought of me when He gave that promise, so full of infinite comfort and consolation. "Dat means you and me, Dinah," I have often said as I quoted those words to some friend, who was agreed with me concerning what we asked of the Lord.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS. THE FUNNY LITTLE GIRL.

BY VIOLET SOMERBY.

Our Dottie is very fond of lumps of sugar. She runs to mamma and says, "I will be a dood dir! if you dive me just one lump of sugar."

"Yes, darling, I will get you a little one," answers mamma, rising to go to get one.

"No!" cries Dottie, "a big lump;" throwing her arms above her head.

Sometimes she forgets to ask, but goes and takes a lump.

She went into the pantry the other morning and shut the door. Now we know there is mischief going on when the door closes after Dottie. Papa opened the door, saying, "Are you at the sugar-bucket?"

"No! I's detting butter dis time," answered Dottie, with one finger in her mouth, which was well covered with butter.

The next week there came a letter from grandpapa's house to mamma, and also one to Dottie from her grand-mamma, who wrote that she knew of a little girl who went into her mamma's pantry and eat butter and sugar, and she thought it was very naughty.

"I won't do so to grandmamma's house," said Dottie, looking very much troubled, as we read the letter to her.

Dottie writes a letter to grandpapa and one to grandmamma every week, and her grandpapa says, "My blessed baby!" when he sees the little scratches upon the paper. She made something with the pencil that she called a piano and sent it to her grandmother, who said she could "play as well on that as any."

Dottie goes to the Ladies' Aid Society, and gives her mother no uneasiness, she behaves so well. At the last society she sat at the piano and sung, "Pull for the Shore," playing something not quite in harmony with the tune, but enjoying the performance as well as the listeners.

Dottie was finishing her prayers one evening, saying, "Dad bless Dottie, and make her a dood dir!" when mamma was startled at hearing her say, "Bless the boss, too!"

"I wouldn't say anything about the cow, dear," persuaded mamma.

"Oh, 'es, I love fne boss," the blue eyes wide with astonishment at the correction.

One day, holding her doll, we overheard her saying, "Jesus, Jesus," several times. Calling her to our side, we told her she must not use that name when playing, but only when singing or praying; and she has not forgotten her promise: "Yes, I won't do so any mo'!" (more).

What a cute story that was in the HERALD, a few weeks ago, about the boy who would not eat his crusts—just the thing for little folks. Now Dottie has two rows of white teeth, yet she would not eat her crusts of bread, or pie, or cake; and because she was so little, mamma thought she couldn't. Since telling her the story there has been no trouble here about crusts; they disappear just as they ought to, and we wonder if other mothers have found so wise a learner of morals.

HOMELY GIRLS.

"How did that homely woman contrive to get married?" is not infrequently remarked of some good domestic creature, whom her husband regards as the apple of his eye, and in whose plain face he sees something better than beauty. Pretty girls who are vain of their charms are rather prone to make observations of this kind, and a consciousness of the fact that flowers of loveliness are often left to pine on the stem while weeds of homeliness go off readily, is no doubt at the bottom of the sneering question. The truth is, that most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice. Hand-some women are sometimes very hard to please. They are apt to overvalue themselves; and in waiting for an immense bid they occasionally overstep the market. Their plain sisters, on the contrary, aware of their personal deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce an agreeable impression—and in most cases they succeed. They don't aspire to capture paragons with princely fortunes, but they are willing to take anything respectable.

PLEASANTIES.

The Russians are said to be shelling Marrowfat, in a superior manner.

A Western paper says: "A sad, sweet smile went wandering around a pious congregation in this city last Sunday morning when the good pastor, with tender and solemn intonation, read 'Do men gather thorns of grains, or thigs

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